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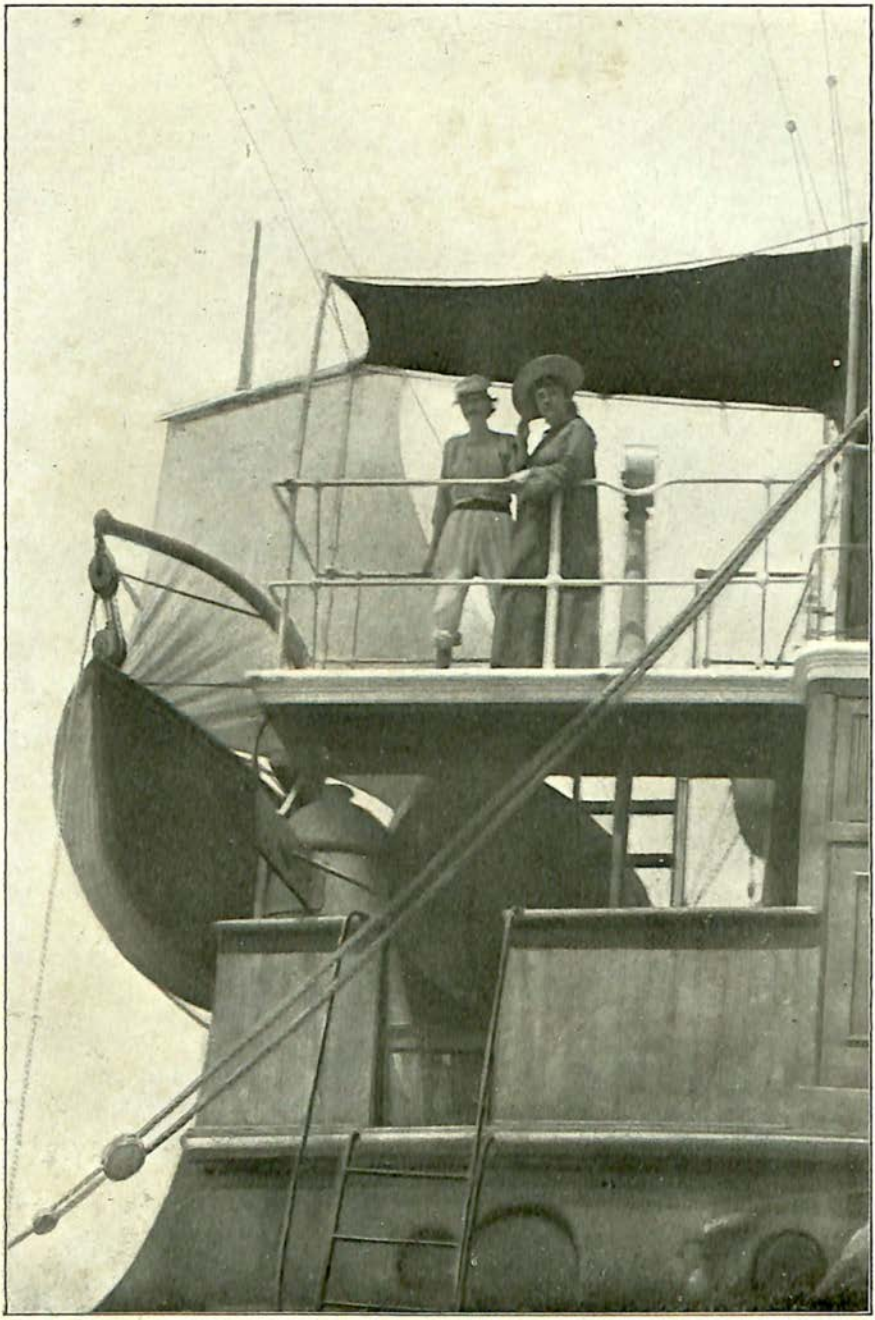
The Cruise of the "Janet Nichol"



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson on the bridge of the "Janet Nichol"

The Cruise of the "Janet Nichol" Among the South Sea Islands

A Diary by

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson

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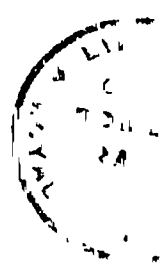

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PREFACE

It is always necessary to make certain elisions in a diary not meant for publication at the time of writing. For many reasons "The Cruise of the *Janet Nichol*" has been pruned rather severely. It was, originally, only intended to be a collection of hints to help my husband's memory where his own diary had fallen in arrears; consequently, it frequently happened that incidents given in my diary were re-written (to their great betterment), amplified, and used in his. I have deleted these as far as possible, though not always completely; also things pertaining to the private affairs of other persons, and, naturally, our own. I fear the allusions to the *Devil Box* may seem obscure. It happened that my husband wrote a complete description of the purchase of the *Devil Box* in his own diary, so it seemed necessary for me to note further references to it, but nothing more. In the minute description, almost like a catalogue, of the articles in the different buildings in the island of Suwarrow, I must appear to have gone to the opposite extreme. At that time my husband

had an idea of writing a South Sea island romance where he might wish to use such pathetic and tragic flotsam and jetsam from wrecked ships and wrecked lives. At the risk of tedium I have let it stand, hoping that some one else may see the intangible things I beheld.

One reason I have hesitated a little to give for publishing this diary, is the extraordinary number of books now being printed purporting to give accurate accounts of our lives on board ship and elsewhere, by persons with whom we were very slightly acquainted, or had never consciously met. I have read, among other misstatements, of the making of the flag for Tembinoka, by the writer and my daughter on the beach at Apemama. The flag was designed by me, on board the schooner *Equator*, and made, in the most prosaic manner, by a firm in Sydney. No one, outside our immediate family, sailed with us on any of our cruises. All the books "With Stevenson" here, and "With Stevenson" there, are manufactured out of "such stuff as dreams are made on," and false in almost every particular. Contrary to the general idea, my husband was a man of few intimate friends, and even with these he was reticent to a degree.

This diary was written under the most adverse conditions—sometimes on the damp, upturned

bottom of a canoe or whaleboat, sometimes when lying face down on the burning sands of the tropic beach, often in copra sheds in the midst of a pandemonium of noise and confusion, but oftener on board the rolling *Janet* (whose pet name was the *Jumping Jenny*) to the accompaniment of "Tin Jack's" incessant and inconsequent conversation—but never in comfortable surroundings. For such inadequate results the labour required was tremendously out of proportion, giving my diary a sort of fictitious value in the eyes of my husband, who wished to save it from oblivion by publication. The little book, however dull it may seem to others, can boast of at least one reader, for I have gone over this record of perhaps the happiest period of my life with thrilling interest.

FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON.

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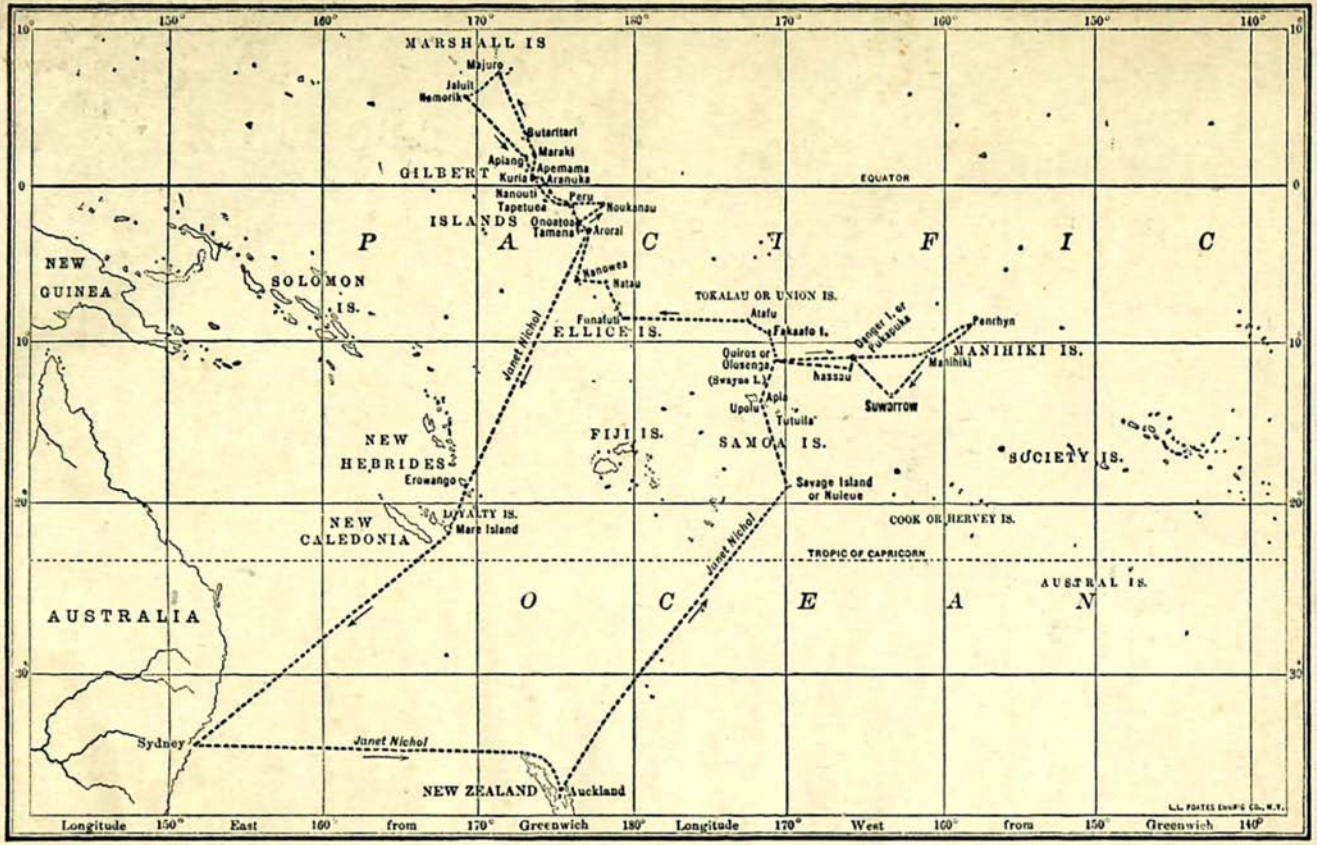
The Cruise of the "Janet Nichol"



Map to illustrate the cruise of the "Janet Nichol," April 11th–July 25th, 1890

THE CRUISE OF THE "JANET NICHOL"

THE *Janet Nichol* was an iron-screw cargo boat, topsail schooner rigged, of some six hundred tons gross. Her large, airy saloon and cabins were placed amidship on the main deck, with ports opening forward, the "trade room" being at the extreme aft. There was a comfortable bathroom and space enough on deck for exercise; but, for that matter, we might walk, sit, or sleep where we would. I have slept in the chart room and on the platform of the captain's bridge; though the after hatch, over which a great awning was spread, was the place chosen by the most of us for permanent night quarters. Here some swung in hammocks, some lay on mats, while the more luxurious carried blankets and pillows back and forth each night and morning. For me four mats were hung in a square; the mats, being loosely woven, did not cut off the current of air that usually swept over the hatch nor, unfortunately, the terrible groans of one of the mates who slept near me and was subject to nightmares.

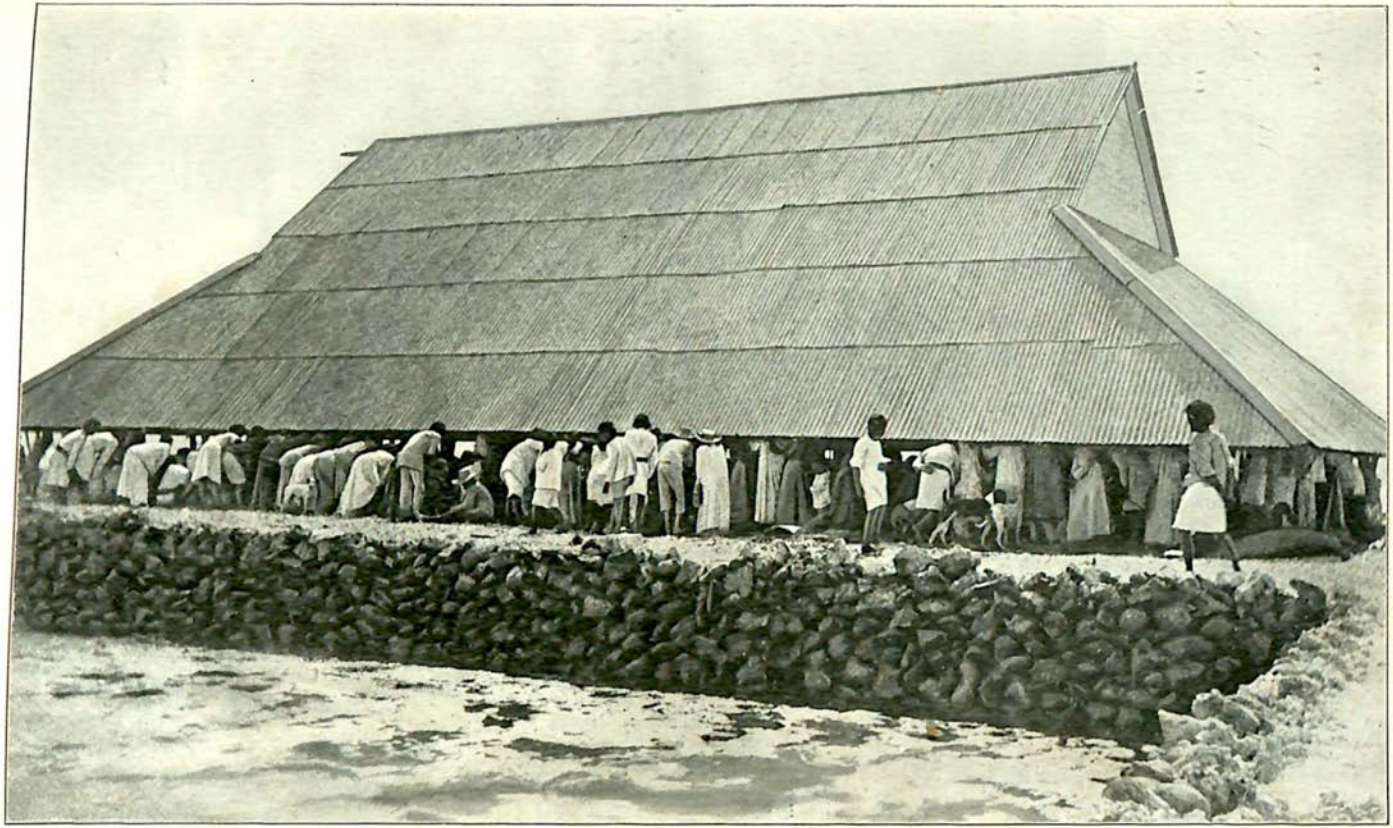
Our mess consisted of Mr. Henderson, a member of the company that owned the vessel; Captain Henry, sailing-master; Mr. Hird, supercargo; Mr. Stoddard, engineer; Mr. Buckland, commonly called Tin Jack (Tin being the island equivalent for Mr.), a trader of the company returning to his station, my husband, my son Lloyd, and myself. The *Janet* carried a crew of about nine white men and some forty-odd black boys from the different islands of the Solomons and the New Hebrides.

We left Sydney on the 11th of April with a head wind and heavy seas until we arrived at Auckland, making seven days from port to port.

. . . . . .

April 18th, 1890.—At Auckland in time for dinner. Went on shore and dined at a hotel with the supercargo and Tin Jack. Louis and I slept at the hotel with the understanding that Tin Jack and Lloyd should meet us in the morning with a shopping list. Immediately on our arrival in Auckland a strange cat jumped through a port-hole and now remains on board.

19*th*.—Bought a broadcloth coat for Maka and a good black silk dress for Mary. As the *Janet* was bound for "the South Seas" and nothing more definite, we thought it better to



Outside of the great dance-house, Butaritari, during the competition between the dancers of Butaritari and those of Little Makin

Robert Louis Stevenson can be seen near the centre, just bending over to enter

carry presents in case we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of Butaritari.[1] I came back to the hotel in advance of Tin Jack and Lloyd, who stopped to buy fireworks for the entertainment of Tin Jack's native retainers. Besides the fireworks, which included ten pounds of "calcium fire," Tin Jack has also purchased cartridges, grease-paints, a false nose, and a wig.

[1] We had met the Hawaiian missionary Maka and his wife Mary on our second South Sea cruise at Butaritari, one of the low islands belonging to the Kingsmill group. Maka and his wife being away at the time, by the advice of the resident trader we had burglariously entered and taken possession of the missionaries' comfortable little wooden house, where we made ourselves at home while we complacently awaited the arrival of our involuntary host. Having thus identified ourselves with the missionary party, and laid ourselves under such heavy obligations to them, we felt bound to forego many amusements and friendships, otherwise interesting, that would have been objectionable to Maka. However, during the time of the great festival, when the neighbouring islanders of Little Makin (called by the traders "Little Muggin") came over, in answer to a challenge from the Butaritaris to dance against them for what sportsmen would call "the championship," Maka retired into discreet obscurity, giving us an opportunity to become acquainted with the King of Little Makin and to attend the heathen dances. But Maka and Mary remained our most real friends in spite of our momentary defection toward Makin.

Lloyd was a little doubtful about the calcium fire and questioned the man at the chemist shop rather closely, particularly as to its inflammability, explaining that it was to be carried on board ship. The man declared that it was perfectly safe, "as safe," said he, "as a packet of sugar," adding that fire from a match would not

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When we left Butaritari we could find nothing suitable to offer them as parting gifts, in the island fashion, and to show our gratitude for their many almost overwhelming kindnesses; hence the silk dress and clergyman's frock coat. Two other friends, consistent converts to Christianity, to whom we also carried presents, we left behind us with regret, Nan Tok and his wife; but they were of a different sort from Maka and Mary, being natives of Butaritari and, from Maka's point of view, quite uncivilised, as, in ordinary life the lady (there are only *ladies* in the South Seas, woman being a word that is tapu in all society, high or low), a rich, high chief woman, wore the *ridi* only, while for full dress she appeared in a white chemise fresh from the trader's shelves with the marks where it had been folded still showing. My first meeting with Nan Tok and his wife was rather alarming. The King had raised the tapu from drink, consequently, the entire island, including his dull majesty, was wildly drunk on "sour toddy" (the fermented sap of the flower-stalk of the cocoanut), which is the most dangerous intoxicant in the world, as it incites in its users a frenzied desire to shed blood. During this period of licence I accidentally came upon two women fighting together like

Maka and Mary Maka, Kanoa and Mrs. Maria Kanoa, Hawaiian missionaries of the American Board of Missions, Honolulu, on the Island of Butaritari, one of the Gilbert Islands

be sufficient to ignite it. "Will you have it with or without fumes?" he asked as he turned to make up the parcel. The thrifty trader thought that he might as well get all he could for the money expended, therefore took it with fumes.

On Board in the Afternoon.—A little trouble with the trades-union, but nothing serious. Mr.

---

wild beasts, their teeth sunk into each other's faces, which were streaming blood. "Oh, what is the matter?" I cried. "Sour toddy," replied the woman to whom I spoke, casting a contemptuous glance over her shoulder as she passed on.

In the circumstances it was thought unsafe for me to leave our own small premises, but one quiet afternoon I broke bounds and went over to the weather side of the island to hunt for shells. Here a strange man and woman joined me; they were not reassuring companions, judging from outer appearances, as they were unkempt, clad in nothing but a small fragment, each, of dirty, old gunny sack, and their faces were haggard and anxious. At first they walked with me as I went about my business of gathering shells, but presently, seeming to tire of this amusement, they began to crowd me off the beach toward the land; then seizing me by the arms, one on either side, they boldly marched me into a narrow, crooked path that led through the clustering cocoanut-trees with which the island was heavily wooded. As I reluctantly moved along beside my captors, the lady, evidently with a kindly feeling for my comfort, drew a clay pipe from out an enormous hole in her ear, stuffed it with strong,

W——, a bookseller, who had recognised Louis from a published portrait, called in the evening. He kindly offered to get pistol cartridges for us, and after a few minutes' conversation ran away after them, returning just as we were about to leave, with a couple hundred or thereabouts.

coarse tobacco, lighted it, puffed a moment, and then placed it in my mouth. As I could not guess whether their intentions were hostile or otherwise and all the warnings I had received flashed through my mind, with sublime courage I accepted the situation. But it was a solemn experience. We emerged from the palms to find the town in a turbulent uproar, the street in front of our house filled with a howling, fighting, drunken mob. It was a great relief to find we were just in front of my own door; the two natives held me fast until we were safely on the little veranda, when, to my astonishment, the man fell on his knees and offered up a fervent prayer.

So began our friendship with Nan Tok and his wife (my husband always called them the "baron and baroness"). They told us afterward with what anxiety they had watched me wander through the woods alone; then how, after a heated argument as to the proper means to pursue, they concluded to force me back to safety. The incident of the pipe was an attempt to conciliate me because of a supposed fiery gleam in my eyes that disconcerted them. The prayer was one of thanks for the outcome of their adventure and a petition that this should prove the beginning of a new friendship that should be blessed to us all.

. . . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson in company with Nan Tok and Natakanti on Butaritari Island

The fireworks were sent aboard with other parcels, and, having no distinguishing marks, Lloyd put them all, along with our cartridges, on his bunk until Tin Jack, whose cabin he shared, should come below and sort them out. Among them should be a pistol Tin Jack had taken to have mended, belonging to Louis.

20*th*.—We left Auckland last evening at about eight, the streaming lights from the town following us a long way. A small, half-grown dog has joined the ship's company.

Between ten and eleven Louis was lying in his cabin very tired and glad to rest. Tin Jack and Lloyd were in Mr. Henderson's cabin drinking coffee and discussing "land booms." I sat at the saloon table eating brown bread and butter. Suddenly, from the cabin occupied by Tin Jack and Lloyd, came a spitting puff, almost immediately followed by gorgeous flames and the most horrible chemical stench. The calcium fire that was as safe as a packet of sugar had gone off and ignited the rest of the fireworks. Only Lloyd and I knew of the cartridges in their midst, but we discreetly held our tongues, though every moment we expected to hear the ping of flying bullets. I ran into our cabin and snatched a heavy red blanket. At the same time Mr. Henderson was

fetching a large, handsome woollen rug from his cabin. I felt for a hand to put the blanket in, for the place was so full of suffocating vapour that one could see nothing but the many-hued flames darting through it. Fortunately, it was the captain's hand I delivered my blanket into. Rid of my blanket, I ran back and thrust my head out of a port to get a breath of air; the ports, although they were the means of fanning the flames, could not be shut on account of the strangling fumes. Here Mr. Henderson, who had been for some minutes lying on the stairs quite insensible, came to fetch me out; so, catching his hand, I ran through the saloon to the companionway and up to the deck.

Louis, who knew nothing of the fireworks having been brought on board, was thunderstruck by the vivid changing colours of the spouts of flame, and stood for some time gazing at the extraordinary scene and inhaling the poisonous vapours. "Why," he thought with wonder, "should a fire at sea look like a Christmas pantomime?" His amazement was so great that he was hardly conscious of the fumes.

The captain, from the bridge, had seen heavy vapour pouring upward and was both puzzled and angry, thinking the engineer was letting off

"The Baron and Baroness," Butaritari, one of the Gilbert Islands

steam for purposes of his own. The stuff must, therefore, have been smouldering for a considerable time before it burst into flames, the draught carrying the smoke out of the open port instead of into the saloon, so that our first knowledge of anything amiss came from the bursting of rockets into the saloon. As the captain was looking at the supposed column of steam there suddenly shot through it, rising high into the air, a shaft of blue, green, and red fire. Ordering the donkey-engine to pump water and the hose to be put on, he ran below and crawled into the very centre of the fire with the blanket, rug, and hose, and succeeded in smothering the flames none too soon for the safety of the ship; he said afterward that had the wind come from a different quarter, or had the cartridges exploded, nothing could have saved us.

There was no panic among our black boys, who worked swiftly and obediently; I rather suspect they enjoyed the excitement of the affair. Talking it over, the captain said how lucky it was that he had a man at the wheel that he could trust. Lloyd and I said nothing, but we both knew there had been no man at the wheel; the trusted one ran below with the rest. It was a rather dangerous moment to leave the ship drifting, for we were not nearly out of the harbour, being just opposite

the lighthouse when the fire broke out. A steamer passed us quite closely when the scene was at its wildest. Coloured fire and thick white vapour belching from our ports must have given us a very strange and alarming aspect. Lloyd looked over the opposite side of our ship and saw the ports there, also, vomiting vapour like a factory.

To our surprise the cartridge-boxes were only slightly scorched. Our personal loss, however, has been very severe. About ninety photographs were destroyed and all of Lloyd's clothes except those on his back. Neither he nor I have even a tooth-brush left. The annoying thing is that Tin Jack has lost nothing whatever. Lloyd is very bitter about the discrimination shown in the matter of trousers by the fire. I stopped a couple of black boys just in time to prevent them throwing overboard a blazing valise containing four large boxes of Louis' papers. A black bag, its contents at present unknown, is burned, and innumerable small necessaries that conduce to comfort on shipboard are lost. I have ever since been in a tremor lest Louis have a hæmorrhage. If he does I shall feel inclined to do something very desperate to the chemist, who, for the sake of a few shillings, put us all in such deadly peril. A horrid smell still hangs about the place and every one

feels ill. Though I hardly breathed in the room, I have a heavy oppression on my chest, and my throat and lungs burn as though I were inhaling pepper. From the time we left Auckland the water has been as smooth as glass, and there has been no jarring or knocking about; the stuff must have gone off by simple spontaneous combustion. Had it taken place a very little later, Tin Jack must have been sleeping in the berth above, and should undoubtedly have been suffocated.

21*st*.—Still drying the remains of Lloyd's clothes, burned and wet in the fire, and discovering more and more losses. Fortunately, the flag I had made for King Tembinoka was not injured at all (a royal standard I invented for him). The flag for the island I had already sent, and the cartridge-belt Lloyd is taking to him for a present is only a little smudged.[1] Both our cameras escaped as by magic.

[1] This flag was designed on a former cruise after we had left Apemama, the principal of the three islands comprising the group under King Tembinoka, the last of the absolute monarchs of the South Seas. The King had asked that we send him a flag, so one evening, on board the schooner *Equator*, we each drew and coloured a flag. These were voted on by the ship's company. It happened that mine was unanimously chosen. The three cross-bars, red, yellow, and green,

Louis has been playing chess with the captain, who has not played before for many years. I have been making wreaths of artificial flowers for presents to the natives. I bought in Sydney several large boxes of old-fashioned artificial flowers, perfectly fresh and pretty, also green leaves unwired. For one pound and three shillings I got enough for twenty full wreaths and eighteen more to be worked up with coloured feathers. I do not think the natives will enjoy getting the wreaths any more than I enjoy making them.[2] (One of our

were intended to stand for the three islands, while the black shark lying across the bars was meant to be typical of Tembinoka's ancestry. The King's line was not lost in obscurity; he gave us almost embarassing details of the first of his forebears, who sprang from a liaison between a beautiful lady and a shark. The drawings I made on the *Equator* were taken to a firm in Sydney that did such work; they turned out a couple of very gorgeous flags that were quite to the taste of his majesty. The house flag had a white crown over the head of the shark (a little different shape from that on the island flag). I chose for the motto "I bite triply," which referred not only to the King's three islands, but to the three rows of teeth peculiar to the shark.

[2] Very few flowers are found in the atolls, wherefore the natives, who use wreaths for every festive occasion, are forced to devise all sorts of makeshifts for the garlands that are considered almost necessities. I have

sailors appeared on duty in a garland and necklace of orange-peel.) The sea is smooth and the weather perfect.

22*d.*—The weather still lovely. Saw a small island called Curtis Island, and at half past ten sighted Sunday Island. The captain kindly took us very close in that we might get a good photograph. A puff of smoke appeared on the horizon, supposed to be a steamer; great excitement. I ran to write letters and found Mr. Henderson doing the same; but alas, the ship, which looked like a man-of-war, moved away from us nearer to the island, and it was too late to venture to chase her, so our letters must wait. Sunday is the island where an American family once took up their

seen only two flowers that seem indigenous to the true atoll, one quite insignificant, that looked like the blossom of the male *papaia*, the other a sort of "spider lily"; both these were of a whitish colour, and, as far as I could see, were worn only by people of position, and not by the common herd, who contented themselves with imitations made from some part of the cocoanut-tree. I wish those artistic souls, who so scorned my purchases at the milliner's, could have seen with what frantic joy they were received. Many times staid matrons burst into sudden hysterical weeping when I offered them my wreaths, while kings, chiefs, and even white traders intrigued to gain one of these coveted possessions.

residence, remaining until it began to blow up. Some settlers have lately gone there. Lloyd reminds me that this was the place Louis and he once proposed to try and get possession of, and I refused to hear of the plan because of the volcano and the hordes of rats that infest the place. I repented when I saw it, and my heart is now set upon owning an island. It grows warmer daily, and I hope soon to be able to put away my shoes and stockings.[1] Mr. Henderson is looking for an island about the existence of which there is some doubt. Lloyd tells me that Mr. Low, the artist in New York, once said that he had a friend who had actually been upon this very island.

26th.—I have not been able to put away my shoes and stockings, for the sun disappeared soon after my last entry; for several days we have been knocking about in a gale of wind with almost continuous rain. The air is thick and breathless, hot, and at the same time chill. To my discomfort, I caught a cold and developed a smart attack of rheumatism. The captain has also been unfortunate; he, too, took cold, and in addition

[1] As all mine and most of Louis's were burned, except what I had on my feet, I wished to preserve these for such times as it might seem necessary to make a civilised appearance.

had a heavy door slam upon one of his fingers, crushing the nail. Some time ago a cinder blew into one of his eyes, causing an inflammation, and now the other is as bad in consequence of the poisonous fumes of our involuntary firework display.

To-day we came to anchor off Savage Island, or Nuieue, having on board some eight natives of the place who were being returned home by the company. It was pleasant to see the happy, excited faces of the "boys" as we drew near their native land. They were all dressed for the occasion in new clothes, every man with a pair of strong new boots on his feet. A couple of dandies wore velvet smoking-caps with tassels, and red sashes. It is a smaller and lighter-coloured race than we have been accustomed to, their features and expression reminding one of pretty, sweet-faced Chinamen. Before we had anchored, neatly made outriggers were circling round the ship and cries of greeting arose from all sides. When the steam-whistle sounded a joyful answering shout ran along the beach. No women came out to us. To them a ship is tapu, but numbers of small boys accompanied the men. Soon they were all wandering over the ship, marvelling at the strange sights, but also cannily ready to make an honest or dishonest penny. I bought a couple of sticks of

sugar-cane for a stick of tobacco and ordered a hat from a man for which I am to pay two shillings. The man had a hat with him but charged four shillings for it on account of its trimming, a small bit of red flannel laid round the crown. I also bought a couple of little model canoes (one for Tin Jack) for two shillings.

Our sailors are "black fellows," some from the New Hebrides, some from the Solomons and various other places. They seem to find it easier to speak to one another in English than in their own tongues; I heard one say: "I wouldn't like to go across that water in that fellow's canoe." The men from Nuieue looked at those black fellows with great curiosity and asked in what island did they find men like that. One of these black sailors has his name signed as Sally Day. To-day I heard one of the others politely call him Sarah. Savage Island is a high-low island; that is, it is a coral atoll with a soil, raised more or less unevenly, some two hundred feet above the sea-level. It produces copra, bananas, cotton, breadfruit, *bêche-de-mer*, and fungus, and is governed by a king with the assistance of four chiefs and four sub-chiefs. Food trees and plants are carefully cultivated, and the people have the reputation of being industrious and willing to work. Captain

Henry wished to take a little girl home to his wife, but was not allowed, it being against the law that a female should leave the island.

In at least one of the villages of Nuieue a singular custom prevails. One day in the year is fixed as a day of judgment. Every soul, man, woman, and child, gathers together on the village green. Votes are cast for a whipper, and a jury, composed of half Christians and half heathens, is chosen. One by one the people come forward and publicly confess their sins, while the jury fixes the punishment, which is whipping or an equivalent fine. The fines may be paid in goods of any sort, the value of the article offered being rated at the price originally paid for it. For instance, a man fined a dollar may bring the unwearable remains of a tattered hat that cost him a dollar the year before. The elected officials do not escape punishment by virtue of their position. After the jury has confessed and fixed its own punishment, the whipper must do the same, and, if whipping is his doom, must proceed to whip himself. So, next day, every soul starts afresh with consciences sponged clean, ready for a new record of sins. The confessions seem to be genuine and sometimes cause the utmost surprise and consternation to those who have been sinned against.

The desire to own an island is still burning in my breast. In this neighbourhood, nearer Samoa, is just the island I want, owned, unfortunately, by a man in Tahiti. It is called Nassau and is said to be uninhabited.

Last night an immense rat ran over me in bed, and Mr. Henderson had the same unpleasant experience. In the hold of the *Janet* are a number of pure white rats with red eyes, which appeared of themselves quite mysteriously. The captain will not allow them to be harmed, which I think is very nice and sentimental of him. It was amusing to see our dog's perplexity when we came to anchor, and he put his head out of a port-hole to have a look at Auckland. His very tail expressed alarmed surprise. Our second steward (a white man) is in a state of wild delight. He took his "billet" under the head steward from a romantic hope of seeing Samoa, of which he had once read a description in a newspaper. Every little while I hear his voice, quivering with excitement: "What do you think of it, Mrs. Stevens?" One moment he is thrusting sugar-cane into my hand: "Taste it, Mrs. Stevens, it's sugar stick! I never saw it before!" and the next is: "*Cocoanut! cocoanut!* It's *green cocoanut*, Mrs. Stevens; I never saw it before in my life!" It is of no use to tell him that

it is all an old story to me; he hears nothing but babbles on with shining eyes. I have just overheard this from a white stoker who had also never been in the tropics before: "He's been and swindled me, that native! There's nothing inside this green cocoanut but some kind of water."

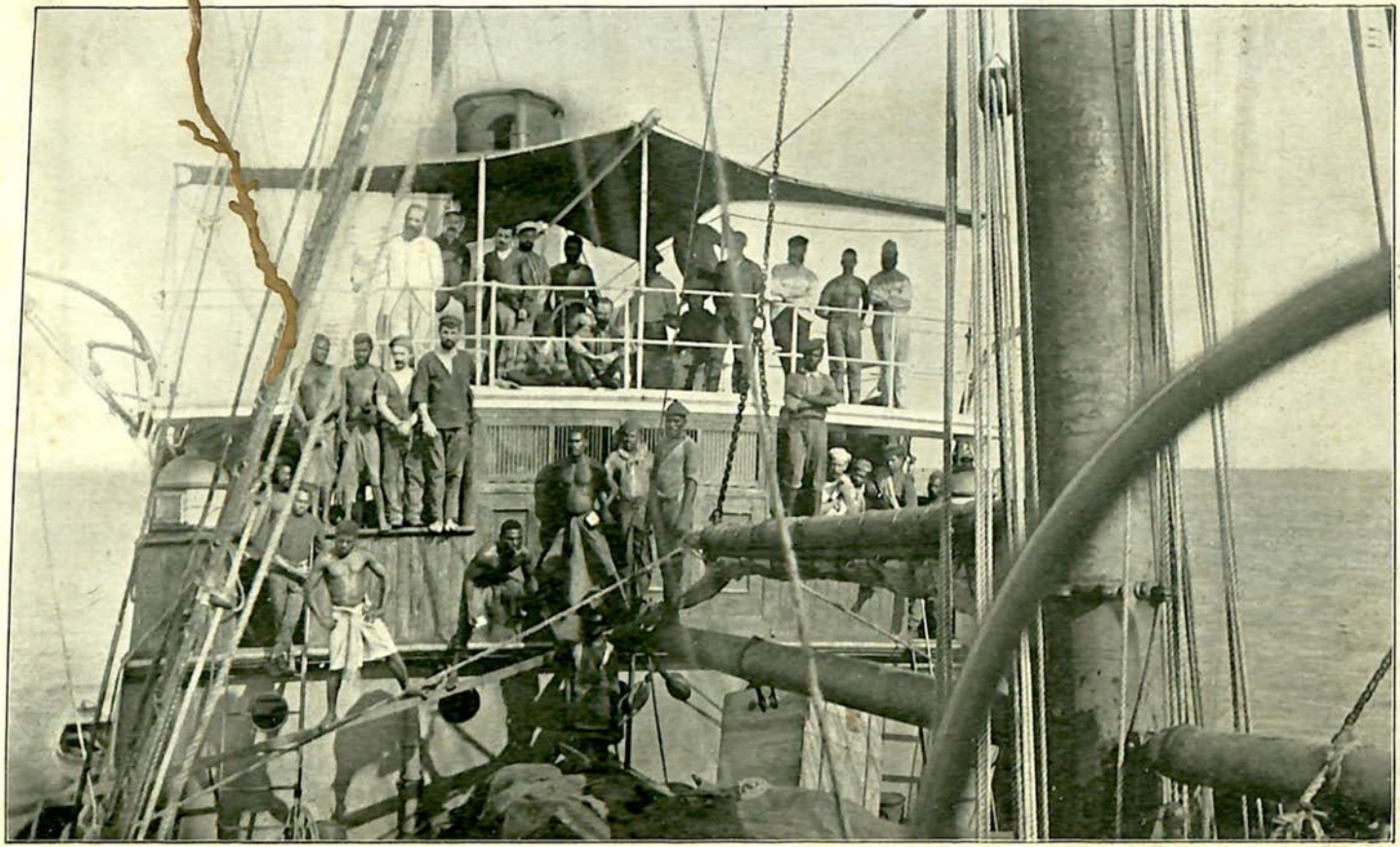
Mr. Henderson has just told us as a secret that our next island will be Upolu, Samoa, and we are now as wildly excited as the second steward. On Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock, we shall arrive at Apia, and the next morning, at break of day, off we fly to Vailima. As we were discussing the subject, the captain called out that there was a white rat in his cabin and he wished to catch and tame it, so I ran to help him. It was under his bed, he said, and the loveliest rat in the world. As he was dilating on its beauty, out it flashed, jumping on him and rebounding against my breast like a fluff of white cotton wool. The captain laughed and screamed with shrill, hysterical cries, in which I joined, while the loveliest rat in the world scurried away.

"*27th.*—The weather really abominable, so cold that I have had to put on a flannel bodice. Tin Jack and Lloyd went to the station last night and returned with the white trader, a thin, pallid man, with a large, hooked nose and soft, fright-

ened brown eyes. For very dulness I was about to go to sleep, when Mr. Henderson ran up crying: "Sail ho!" Sure enough, there was a large vessel wallowing in the great seas. Captain Henry thought her an American driven in by the heavy weather. Round the point of the island the breakers were rising, he said, some forty feet high. While we were watching the strange craft she turned about and sailed away, to our great disappointment, no doubt having only come up to take her bearings. After I had closed my diary last night Mr. Henderson got out the chart and showed us his own islands and the supposed location of Victoria Island which he is looking for. I offered to toss him for the latter, to which he agreed. Louis threw up a piece of money and I won. I have yet, however, to find Victoria.

Nuieue has not yet recovered from the effects of last year's hurricane, and we shall not get many delicacies here. There are no ripe cocoanuts, few bananas, and no breadfruit. Some one said that I could get spring onions. "How do they grow them?" I asked; meaning did they sow seeds or plant sets. "On the graves," was the rather startling answer.

Last night Mr. Henderson pulled off a rat's tail. He thought to pull the rat from a hole from



The "Janet Nichol" with ship's company

which the tail protruded, but the tail came off, and the rat ran away. The captain tells me that there is generally a plague of flies in Nuieue. It is too cold for them now, but usually when the natives come out in their canoes their backs, especially, are black with flies. Some one has sent me a basket of bananas almost too sweet and rich; also some excellent oranges. I have mended the bellows of our camera, where it has been eaten by cockroaches, with sticking-plaster.

28*th*.—Steamed round to the other side of the island to the missionary station, carrying with us the trader and a young Irishman named Hicks; also a native woman and a boy. Here, to our surprise, we saw the vessel we had sighted and lost; she proved to be the *John Williams*.

We watched her plunging to and fro, now close under the cliffs, now skirting the *Janet*, now fetching our hearts in our mouths as she stayed, and forereached in staying, till you would have thought she had leaves on her jib-boom. We actually got up the camera to take a photograph of the expected shipwreck. We were told afterward that it was only Captain Turpie showing off his seamanship.

The *John Williams* is a missionary ship on her way to Samoa with an English missionary and

his family and a German lady who is going to open a school for Samoan girls. Mr. Lawes is the Nuieue missionary, a dark, foreign-looking man. We heard nothing but good of him from traders and natives.

We landed and climbed up the part path, part stairs of the cliff, our boys already trailing down it with copra sacks, the ship's boat slamming away at the jetty with a couple of black fellows holding on to it like grim death. The missionary natives were ranged in bodies on the path to meet us. First the men pressed forward, giggling, and shook hands; then the women, whose many-coloured garments we had remarked even from the ship, glowing on the cliff like a bank of flowers. The children who followed after pretended alarm and fled, but laughed as they ran. I was some distance from Louis, who has written the following in my diary:[1] "They closed in on me like a sea; I was in the close embrace of half a dozen outstretched hands, with smiling faces all round me, and a perfect song of salutation going up. From the sirens I escaped by means of a present of tobacco, which was the cause of my ruin, later on, when Lloyd and I went out to photograph. A

[1] He used this afterward, but as it seems to belong to my diary I thought I might let it stand.

bevy of girls followed, hugging and embracing me, and going through my pockets. It was the nearest thing to an ugly sight, and still it was pretty; there was no jeering, no roughness, they fawned upon and robbed me like well-behaved and healthy children with a favourite uncle. My own cut tobacco and my papers they respected; but a little while after, on making a cigarette, I found my match-box gone. There was small doubt in my mind as to the culprit; a certain plump little maid, more like a Hawaiian, with a coquettish cast of face and carriage of the head, and conspicuous by a splendid red flower stuck in her ear, had visited me with a particular thoroughness. I demanded my matches. She shook her head at first; and then from some unknown receptacle produced my box, drew out a single match, replaced the box, and with a subtle smile and considerable grace of demeanour, something like a courtly hostess, passed me on the match!"

Tin Jack was shown some spies who were taking names of women who had, against rules, been aboard ship. They will all be fined to-morrow. Levity of conduct, they tell us, is not allowed and is met by fines. I should imagine the public funds to be in a plethoric condition.

Before I knew where I was the trader had

swept me up to the mission house, well built of coral, with a high, wide roof of cocoanut thatch beautifully braided together and tied with cocoanut sennit. In an inner room we found the passengers from the *John Williams*, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott and the German teacher. The Marriotts had with them the loveliest little twins imaginable, two years old, and almost exactly alike. Louis and Lloyd disappeared at once in search of photographs. The king, who seems to be liked and respected, was off in the bush, so they were disappointed in his likeness. After a reasonable time of worship before the twins, I started to follow the photographers, the trader conducting me, the *John Williams* party and Mr. Lawes (the resident missionary) following. We passed a cow, a bull, and two horses, strange sights for these latitudes. There were a great many flowers blooming in the underbrush—jasmine, the flamboyant, and a yellow blossom like a "four-o'clock"—and where a space had been cleared grass was growing. There is no running water, but through small fissures in the rock brackish water is found at the depth of seven fathoms. I was told of one great fissure, into which stone steps had been cut, where a subterranean stream gushes out in a waterfall.

The trader, who had already sold us three tappa

(native bark-cloth) table-cloths at an exorbitant price, clung to me pertinaciously, taking me into his house, where he showed me a mat he wished a pound for, whereas it was worth but a couple of dollars. I refused to buy it, whereupon he presented me with two small rather pretty mats. I thought he owed them to me, so I accepted them without compunction. The young Irishman, who had followed us in, opened his box and took out an immense yellow shell necklace, a cocoa-shell basket, and a strange, very heavy, carefully shaped stone, which the natives use in fighting. All these articles he insisted on my accepting. I was greatly pleased with the fighting stone. The trader promised to get me a couple of "peace sticks" when we return to his side of the island. These are used by the women when they think a fight has lasted long enough. They rush between the combatants, waving their "peace sticks," and the affair ends. These peace sticks are made of dark, almost black ironwood, are about three feet long, shaped like spears, and ornamented, where the hand naturally holds them, with cocoa-fibre sennit and yellow bird feathers. The feathers looked to be the same as were used in Hawaii for the royal cloaks. As I write Tin Jack appears in a hat of Nuieue manufacture, braided pandanus, in shape an exact

reproduction of the civilised high silk hat, and indescribably comic.

Returning to the mission house, we stopped at the king's newly built palace for a piece of iron-wood that I wanted to mend the camera stand. The queen, a pretty, smiling, young woman, stood in the doorway directing us where to look. Arriving at the house, I examined the house dog's ear, and found he was suffering from canker. Louis and I, together, remembered the remedy for him, and told it to Mr. Lawes. I begged that Louis and Lloyd might see the twins. The little fairies were heavy-eyed from the knocking about and the close air of the *John Williams*. Each had had a convulsion during the last two days. I thought they looked rather too much like little angels. I tried, without success, to make our party refuse Mrs. Lawes's invitation to high tea. It did seem very hard; month after month passes in the most deadly monotony. Suddenly here are two ships at her door, each, incredible fact, with white women on board, and she has almost no time to speak to either, and in an hour or two they are gone. Poor Mrs. Lawes had wild eyes when the two sets of passengers and most of the officers gathered in a great circle round her board. It was an excellent meal, which I should have

thoroughly enjoyed had I not felt like a cannibal and that I was eating Mrs. Lawes. But this it is to be a missionary's wife. I am sure she must have had a nervous fever after we were gone. She found a moment to bewail her fate to Louis; if only we had come piecemeal, as it were, and not all at once, like a waterspout, she would have been so happy. We shall leave behind us only a memory of hurry and flurry and confusion worse confounded. While we were at table the *John Williams* ran so close inshore that we were frightened, and Mr. Marriott very anxious, as all his worldly goods were on board. The *John Williams* left Sydney on Friday the 11th, the same day we did, and now we meet here and possibly may meet again in Samoa. We had just finished our meal when the steam-whistle blew for us, and away we all trooped to the boat. The *John Williams* was leaving also.

We had some trade stuff to be landed at the other side of the island. There Lloyd went ashore and got my peace sticks for which he paid two shillings the pair. A great many natives came aboard, among the rest the handsome sister and daughter of a chief. I gave them both a wreath, to their great pride and joy. Tin Jack dressed up in his wig and whiskers and false nose. The na-

tives at first were much alarmed and some of the women inclined to cry.

29*th.*—Squally all night, but this morning the sun has come out and it really looks hopeful. The captain has been working all day until four o'clock at my device for mending the camera with Nuieue ironwood. I hardly slept last night for the heavy rolling and pitching of the *Janet*. A black cat has appeared, brought on board from Nuieue. It was proposed to have a rat hunt with the Auckland dog. I meanly intended to inform the captain, but I need not have troubled myself, for when a rat was shown to the dog he nearly went into a fit with terror. I have all my things ready packed to go on shore at Samoa.

30*th.*—Passed Tutuila in the morning. Almost despair of reaching Upolu before to-morrow, owing to an adverse current, but make it just after sundown. We ran along Upolu for a couple of hours, the scenery enchanting; abrupt mountains, not so high as in Tahiti or Hawaii, nor so strangely awful as the Marquesan highlands, but with a great beauty of outline and colour, the thick jungle looking from the deck of the ship like soft green moss. Through the glass I could see a high, narrow waterfall drop into the sea. Breaths of the land breeze began to come out to us, intoxicating with

the odours of the earth, of growing trees, sweet flowers and fruits, and dominating all, the clean, wholesome smell of breadfruit baking in hot stones. Soon masts of ships began to show, and the smoke of Apia. The signal-flag was carried up to the foretopmast and laboriously tied on by a black boy, when the pilot came quickly on board. It was not quite dark, but we thought it better to dine on the *Janet*, though we were burning to get on shore. While we were eating, people began to arrive in boats to offer their welcome to Samoa. Louis and I started off, leaving Lloyd to follow in the ship's boat. It was a dream-like thing to find oneself walking along Apia beach, shaking hands and passing *talofas* on every side. We spent the evening on shore and, after ordering horses for the early morning, went to bed tired out.

May 1st.—Woke at six to hear the horses coming for us. When last we rode out to Vailima the road was but a bridle-path almost closed in by the bush. We can now ride two abreast, or even three, if we like. Tin Jack was much delighted to see pineapples growing wild, and bewailed his mistake in having settled on a low island. Lloyd rode ahead to a native village on the road with a packet of sweeties for some little girls who used to dance for us when we lived in the bush near by.

We found Lloyd waiting for us; only one of the little girls was about. After we left the village the road plunged into the forest. The tall, liana-draped trees, carrying ferns in the forks of their branches, cast a grateful shade, and we rode slowly, to enjoy all to the utmost.

There was a crowd of black boys at Vailima cutting down and burning trees and brush. I believe they are runaways from the German plantations. There are a good many noble trees, of great height and girth, left standing. A little, wooden house has been run up, from the balcony of which we could see the masts of the *Janet* as she lay at anchor and past her far out over the sea.

It is odd how little is known of Samoa, even by its inhabitants. In Sydney I asked particulars concerning a turbine wheel in case I should want one in Vailima. The man I consulted assured me it would be quite useless to attempt such a thing, as a friend of his just from Samoa, who had lived there a long time, told him there was not a tree of any size in Upolu, and none whatever of hardwood. On the contrary, in the bush are numbers of magnificent timber-trees, very hard and beautiful in colour. One in particular, a light yellow, is very like satinwood and another seems to be a sort of mahogany. We took photographs, and

after a couple of hours reluctantly tore ourselves away.

A native man, an old friend, stopped us on the way back to Apia, holding the bridles of our horses that we should not escape him. A woman we were acquainted with passed; she turned and stopped, cooing like a dove, every limb and feature expressing surprise and delight.

After an inordinate luncheon I opened some boxes we had left here and took out various articles suitable for presents. At the main store we found our bush friend and his little daughter waiting for us with a large basket of oranges. Louis gave the child a shilling and told her to choose from the shelves a piece of cotton print. She was dazzled by the magnificence of the offer, and after long deliberation chose the ugliest piece of the lot. I gave an old woman a print gown, upon which she purred like a cat and kissed my hands. Our old friend Sitione (wounded in the late war) came up and spoke to us, looking very ill, his arm bandaged and in a sling. The doctor tells Louis he thinks very badly of the arm and fears he must amputate it.[1] There was also something wrong with Sitione's eye which was bandaged.

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[1] Sitione was suffering from the effects of an old wound got in the last wars, some of the bones in his

A little boy brought a basket of chilli peppers I wanted to carry on board with me. There were no vegetables to be had, as the Chinaman's garden, the only one in Samoa, had been washed away by a freshet. At half past three we returned to the *Janet*, where Doctor Steubel, the German consul-general, Baron von Pritzfritz, captain of the German man-of-war lying in Apia harbour, and another German whose name I forget paid us a visit. We talked a few moments and drank a glass of champagne; then the whistle sounded, our friends bade us good-bye, and at about four we steamed out. Our little house in the bush was visible to the naked eye from the deck of the steamer.

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shoulder being shattered; they were finally removed, and Sitione recovered entirely with only a scar or two to show where the doctor had operated. Sitione, I was told, received this wound while doing a very brave and dashing act. During one of the many Samoan wars his party had fallen back a short distance, leaving an open space between them and the enemy; in this opening Sitione perceived that a friend of his had fallen and was unable to arise. The enemy were already rushing forward to take the man's head, as is their custom, when Sitione bounded back in the face of their guns, caught up his friend, and brought him into safety with a hail of bullets whizzing after him, and a shattered shoulder.

3*d.*—At about three o'clock we sighted an island known by various names—Swayne's Island, Quiros, or Olesenga—a small, round, low island surrounding a triangular brackish lagoon like an ornamental lake in a park. It is inhabited by a half-caste man known as King Jennings, his family, and about eighty people from different islands. The original Jennings was an American who married a Samoan wife. He left Samoa in a huff after having built a man-of-war for the government, for which payment was refused. As the motive power of the ship came from wooden paddle-wheels, turned with a crank by hand, it is hardly surprising that the complaint of her extreme slowness and the great labour involved in working her should have been brought forward as reasons for non-payment. She had a complete armament of great guns and all the equipments of a proper man-of-war. Jennings, in a fury of indignation and disappointment, shook the dust of Samoa off his feet, and with his wife and family set up a little kingdom of his own in Quiros. Here he blew out a passage through the reef, built two schooners of island wood, floated them off with barrels, and sold them to the German firm at Samoa.

A flag was hoisted on Quiros, the stars and stripes, with what appeared to be a dove in the

field. We asked with some curiosity what the dove indicated. They told us that a night-bird came and cried about the settlement for months; this was supposed to bode sickness; so to propitiate the ill-omened bird it was added to the flag.

There is a good road on the island, excellent houses, a church, and a schoolhouse containing an imported half-caste schoolmaster. From a tall building used for storing copra men were already laying a temporary wooden track down to the landing for the copra trucks to run upon. This busy scene was brought to an end by Mr. Henderson's information that he would not take in cargo until our return voyage. This is a rich, low island with plenty of soil, and is said to bring in a very comfortable revenue, which might be still larger did King Jennings care to make it so.

Mr. Henderson and Louis went on shore; while they were away I tried to make a Mexican sauce, called *salsa*, with the chillis from Samoa and the onions from the Nuieue graves. The chillis burned my hands dreadfully, and the sauce turned out to be too hot to be used except as a flavouring for soups, for which it was excellent.

Mr. Henderson and Louis came back with some return labour boys for Danger Island. One who had signed to serve five years had been waiting

another three for a vessel to take him home. He was once disappointed, and nearly died of it. I am thankful he had this opportunity.[1] I can see a horse eating grass on the island, and Louis has seen a carriage.

4th.—Ran through a light squall in the night and sighted Danger Island at four in the morning. At the first landing is a place in the reef where people upset in boats are sucked under, never to be seen again. Our Quiros passengers are in a wild state of excitement; ladies on the after hatch slipping on their clean shifts, and the comb going from hand to hand. The eight-year exile clutched Louis's hand, and in a voice trembling

[1] The "labour boys" do, sometimes, die of homesickness. A black boy called Arriki whom we hired from the German firm, did so die after we left Samoa. The man to whom he was assigned by the German firm told me that both Arriki and a friend of his began to droop and become sullen, and then went quite mad; soon after they died at about the same time from no apparent disease, but he said he knew the symptoms—"just plain homesickness for a cannibal island." Arriki, in a moment of confidence, once described to me his life in his own land. It seemed to consist of flight from one unsafe spot to another, with death hunting on every hand. Both his father and mother had been killed and eaten, with the most of his friends; and yet Arriki died of homesickness.

with emotion ejaculated "coco nuk." As we drew nearer the three islands of the group began to detach themselves. Danger Island, or Pukapuka, is the only one inhabited. It is governed by a king who allows none of his subjects to gather cocoanuts without his royal permission, and as he seldom lets any one have more than is sufficient for his food, very little copra is made. Here the nuts, contrary to the usual custom, are dried in the shell to prevent cockroaches from devouring the meat, and consequently the copra is very fine and white; but the quantity made is so small that it does not pay to keep a trader on the island.

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We could see the natives gathering on the beach in great force. They seemed thunderstruck at the sight of a vessel with furled sails moving so rapidly against a strong head wind, the *Janet* being the first steamer that had touched at Pukapuka. As soon as our passengers were recognised, a joyful shout ran up and down the beach, and, canoes were launched and paddled out to meet us. When they were just abreast of us Captain Henry blew the steam-whistle. The natives were appalled; every paddle stopped short, and the crowds on the beach seemed stricken to stone. Our Pukapuka

passengers tried to encourage the people in the canoes to come nearer, calling to them from the deck of the ship, but it was some time before they took heart and resumed their paddling. The King, a shabbily clad man of rather mean appearance, was among them.

The meeting between the long-parted friends was very pretty and touching. I like their mode of showing affection better than ours. They took hands and pressed their faces together lightly with a delicate sniff, as I have often seen a white mother caress her baby. One elderly woman, I was sorry to see, had bad news; she looked very sorrowful, and when a young boy came up to greet her she threw her arms round him and wept aloud. All the rest, however, were sparkling with excitement and joy. The sheep, which the strangers saw for the first time, were studied with much interest. A group of middle-aged, respectable men stood off at some distance and whistled to the sheep as though they were dogs; getting no response, they ventured a little nearer, when one of the sheep happened to move. The crowd fell back in dire confusion, and one man who had been in the van, but now occupied a rear position, asked in a trembling voice if the bite of those animals was very dangerous.

Before our passengers left us, each shook hands with all on board and bade us farewell; they said "good-bye, sir," to Louis and "good-bye, mister," to me. As they paddled away I took out my handkerchief and waved it. One woman, the proud possessor of a handkerchief of her own, waved hers in reply and kept it up until I, at least, was tired. I like to think of the pleasant evening at Pukapuka, the gossip, the news, the passing of presents, and the exhibition of treasures and foreign curiosities.

6th.—Sighted Manihiki at half past twelve, an outlying, low coral island with enclosed lagoon, very thinly wooded with cocoa-palms and pandanus trees.

Quiros, the first Spanish navigator of the Pacific, gave to an island the name "Gente Hermosa" (Beautiful People), which has always been ascribed to Olesenga or Quiros Island; but since the memory of man Quiros has been uninhabited until the advent of the American Jennings. It is very possible that the navigator meant Manihiki, or its neighbouring island Rakahoa, as the isle of beautiful people. It is significant that Manihiki is always conspicuously marked on even the smallest maps of the world, no doubt from the fact that its delightful people have attracted so much attention

from seamen that the place has acquired an artificial importance out of all proportion to its few square miles of reef.

The regular diet of the Manihikians is composed almost entirely of cocoanuts. The pandanus seeds are boiled and chewed, but never made into foodstuff as is done in the Gilberts. There are pigs and fowls in abundance, but these are only killed on great occasions, such as marriages or deaths. Sucking pigs are not killed, but only large ones, the larger the better. There are no white women on Manihiki, and but three white men—an absconding produce-merchant, a runaway marine, and a young Englishman who was wrecked on a neighbouring island. These men live on the bounty of the natives, and though they dislike eating copra, or "cocoanut steak," as it is called, they seem to thrive very well upon it.

We landed on the beach as there was no entrance to the lagoon. The aspect of the reef was not very reassuring as we rowed toward it, but our men took us through a narrow, tortuous passage, and in a few minutes we were shaking hands and exchanging salutations with the natives, a pleasant, smiling crowd with many beautiful children. We were delighted to find that we had arrived at a most interesting period, that of the yearly

jubilee. No one could tell us how this institution, which is known in other islands besides Manihiki, first arose. For one week out of every year all laws are held in abeyance, and the island gives itself up to hilarious enjoyment without fear of consequences, singing, beating the cocoanut-wood drum, and dancing according to the old heathen customs. At any other time the punishment for heathen dances is most severe.

The three "beach-combers" were all well dressed, in coats and trousers, and very good-looking. One man said his present way of life "had an air of loafing on the natives" which he disliked, but they all seemed proud of their high position as whites, with the exception of the ex-marine, who had fallen under the scorn of his companions for becoming "kanaka-ised." Still, that they were under some subjection, we could see, but owned themselves well used. They do not exactly *like* copra, but, as one said: "We have no right to complain; they give us what they have." They had had no tobacco for months, which they felt a great privation. When a ship comes in, the natives, men, women, and children, often smoke the strong trade tobacco until they fall down insensible, sometimes becoming convulsed as in epilepsy.

The trader, a half-caste, had already boarded

The King of Manihiki in the centre, with the Island Judge on his right and Tin Jack, seated, on his left. The man squatting in the foreground is one of the beach-combers

the *Janet* in a boat of his own, but his wife, a stout, good-natured, sensible-looking woman, was waiting on the beach to receive us. She at once took possession of me as her right, and I was triumphantly swept off to her house, the crowd at our heels; here we were regaled on cocoanuts, while all the population who could crowd into the room gazed on us unwinking. The windows, also, were filled, which cut off the air and made the place rather suffocating. The children were made to sit down in the front row so that the older people could see over their heads. One old woman made me feel quite uncomfortable. Her eyes remained fixed, her jaw dropped, and nothing for a single moment diverted her attention from what she evidently regarded as a shocking and wonderful spectacle. Natives have said that the first sight of white people is dreadful, as they look like corpses walking. I have myself been startled by the sight of a crowd of whites after having seen only brown-skinned people for a long time. Louis has a theory that we whites were originally albinos. Certainly we are not a nice colour. I remember as a child the words "flesh colour" were sickening to me, and I could not bear to see them in my paint-box.

The room was neat and clean, as were all the

houses in the village. Most of them contained a bedstead cut out of imported hardwood with a spread of gay patchwork, and a mat-covered sofa, very high and wide. In an inner room were great stacks of pearl shell, not, I should say, of the very best quality, and much smaller than the law allows in the Paumotus. The shell is gathered in the lagoon by native divers. Very few pearls are found, probably because the shell is taken so young. Leaving the trader's house, we started to cross the island, which is very narrow; Louis thought about one hundred and fifty yards and I no more than one hundred yards. On the way we passed a crowd of dancers, ranged in two rows, the women on one side, the men on the other, in front of the "speak-house." The dance was more like the Marquesans' than we had ever seen. The European costumes in which most of the people had dressed for our reception rather spoiled the effect, though many wore wreaths and head-dresses made of dyed leaves. The native dyes give beautiful, soft colours, yellow, red, and pink, which they also use in hats and mats, some of the latter being exquisitely fine and as pliant as cloth.

We found the lagoon of crystal clearness and dotted with little islands. Numbers of small ves-

sels were lying at anchor; no doubt they had been collecting the shell. Though it was very lovely to look at, we did not stay long on the borders of the lagoon, being driven away by an ancient and fishlike smell. On our way back we went into the church and the speak-house. In the speak-house, a very good building of coral, were stocks which were used to punish malefactors. These stocks consisted of a couple of ring-like handcuffs fastened, one above the other, a foot from the ground, at the side of a post. The church, a thatched coral building without flooring, was really beautiful. The seats, with backs, are in rows, each with a fine, narrow mat spread over it. On either side run galleries, the balustrades elaborately carved and stained with yellow, red, and pink dyes. In the middle of one balustrade the word "Zion" was carved. The pulpit was a mass of carving and inlaid mother-of-pearl; the altar, which ran round it, was covered with fringed mats extremely fine and flexible and worked in different colours.

Among many others we made the acquaintance of a man who had been in Samoa, blown there in a storm. There were with him one other man and three little girls. It began to blow, he said, the sea rose very high, and the air and sky grew black. Suddenly his boat capsized and "my

girls," he said, "swim—swim—swim in the sea." With their help he got the boat righted and gathered up what he could of his cargo, green cocoanuts and copra, and ran for Samoa. "Was any one frightened?" I asked. "Only the other man," he said. We met two of his little girls; one seemed clever and had picked up a little Samoan and a little English while she was in Apia. We asked her name. "Anna," she proudly answered. The other called herself Anna Maria.

Lloyd had photographed the King in his royal robes, a pair of white duck trousers and a black velveteen coat; over all was worn a sort of black cloth poncho bordered with gold fringe. Suspended from the neck of royalty was a tinsel star and on his head a crown of red and white pandanus leaves. Later in the evening he appeared in a pair of black trousers and a frock coat. In common with his subjects, the King is not of commanding stature. None of the islanders we have yet seen on this cruise can compare with the Kingsmill people in haughty grace of carriage, nor are they in any way so fine a race physically though most charming in manner. After dinner, finding the trader's wife and the missionary's wife having tea on deck, I gave them each a wreath, which delighted them extremely. We hired a na-

tive boat to take us on shore again for the evening; the man to whom the boat belonged begged us to go to his house, but I wished first to take a present, a print dress, to Anna.

Found Anna's house and gave my present. We were offered cocoanuts, to our great embarrassment, but Louis fortunately thought of saying "paea" (a rather vulgar Tahitian word signifying "I am full to repletion"). They understood at once and seemed greatly amused. Anna gave me a hat of her own manufacture and then we went with the boatman to his house. A party of young girls followed us, wrangling together as to which had chosen me first. It seemed to be settled amicably, for one girl ran up to me while the rest held back, and catching me by the hand said: "You belong me." The boatman's wife, a sensible-looking woman with a pathetic smile, was ill, he said; we were afterward told that she had consumption. Again cocoanuts, and once more we got off with "paea." When we left, the lady presented me with a large mat and a fine hat. I had nothing with me to give in return, so took the wreath from my own hat (I always wear one in case of an emergency) and also gave her an orange (a rare luxury) I had in my pocket. I afterward sent her a piece of print of the best quality. From the

boatman's we went to the speak-house, where the dancers were assembled. As we came out of the bush toward the main road we heard a clapping of hollow sticks and whelp-like cries; at intervals a sentence was shouted. It was curfew. At eight o'clock several high officials parade the street, clapping sticks together and crying out: "Remain within your houses." No one obeys, but it is etiquette to keep off the main road when the officers march. We saw that the people kept to the coral on either side, so we did the same. When we first came on shore this evening, Louis, seeing a little girl about four carrying a naked boy, patted him on the shoulder; he howled, whereupon the little girl laughed and ran away. As we waited for the procession to pass, the little girl came up behind Louis in the darkness and, slipping her hand in his, nestled close to him. Her name was Fani, also Etetera; she was neat as a little statue, as tight as india-rubber; so was her sister; so was "Johnny Bull," who had walked hand in hand with Louis all afternoon. The type is well marked: forehead high and narrow, cheek-bones high and broad, nose aquiline and depressed (the depression probably artificial), the mouth large, with finely chiselled lips, the bow of the upper lip sharply defined, the eyes, of course,

admirable; and altogether there is a strong appearance of good nature and good sense.

Part of the night Louis had a second satellite in the form of a beautiful boy, so that he walked between him and Fani, hand in hand with each; but Fani was his affinity. The whole island seemed interested; the King, not too well pleased, suffered Fani to sit beside Louis in the speak-house on the sofa of honour during the dance. Women came up and commented on the resemblance between Fani and Fanny and Etetera and Teritera (Louis's Tahitian name). On a table in front of us were the lights—a half shell of cocoanut-oil with a twist of fibre swimming on top and a glass bottle with the same oil and a wick. In the side of the bottle a round hole had been ingeniously cut through the glass for the convenience of cigarette smokers. While we were sitting there, waiting for the dance, Tin Jack came in wearing the false nose and wig. At first there was a general feeling of alarm, but most of the people soon penetrated the disguise and were greatly amused. One old dignitary, however, never discovered the jest, and was very much frightened, asking me several times in a trembling voice if it was the white man's devil. Louis's little girl did not even shrink, but looked up into his face with smiling confidence.

The room was so dark that we could hardly see the dancers, so Louis and I concluded to make a few calls and go back to the ship. We had been asked to spend the night by some people as we passed their house in the afternoon, so we thought to go there first. However, the man who had been blown to Samoa caught us at the door and would have us go to his house first. By this time all the people knew my name and were calling me Fanny. When we thought we had done our duty by the mariner we said we must now visit the people who had asked us to sleep in their house; the man offered to guide us there, but instead took us to the house where Fani belonged. It was a very large house and the people seemed to be all asleep; but in a moment they were broad awake and in a state of lively excitement, with the exception of one very old man who remained lying in his bed and yawned drearily. Louis tried conversing in a mêlange of Samoan and Tahitian, with appreciable success. We drank cocoanuts until we were "paea," and rose to go. A large fish was laid at our feet in a plaited basket, then taken up and carried to our boat. This was a handsome present, as fish is a great rarity. Fani's father followed me with an immense number of large sponges tied on a long pole. We were again haled

Natives dancing

away from our destination, this time by the boatman, who took us back to his house, waking, I fear, his sick wife, who, however, was all smiles. Pleaded "paea" and turned our faces toward the boat, having given up our first intention in despair.

On the road we passed the schoolhouse compound where a double row of people were singing and dancing. The men were squatted on their haunches on one side of the path, the women on the other; down the centre an oldish, very respectable-looking man, with the appearance of a deacon, directed the dance, a staff in his hand. We were received with shouts of welcome and a bench set out for us. I was envious of the big town drum, made of hollowed cocoanut wood and covered with shark skin, very like one I had already got from the Marquesas, and deputed the trader to buy it for me. With the arrival of Mr. Henderson, who came sauntering down the road, the deacon heartened up to a sort of frenzy, suddenly bounding along the path and throwing his body and legs about with the most grotesque and mirth-provoking contortions. We sat here yet awhile, and at last tore ourselves away from the most charming low island we have yet seen, Fani's father still following with the sponges. I sent back, by the boatman, a piece of print for

Fani, sufficient to make a gown for her mother as well as herself. It was the correct thing to do from the island point of etiquette, but all the same a pity, for the less Fani covered her pretty brown body the better she looked.

7th.—Fani, her papa and her sister, first thing in the morning with a basket of green cocoanuts and three packets of dyed pandanus leaves. Fani at once possessed herself of one of Louis's hands, the sister the other, while the lovely "Johnny Bull," who was on board almost as soon as they were, hovered about smiling, and when he saw a chance slipped an arm round Louis's neck. Johnny Bull was a tall lad of fifteen, and I was told a half-caste, though he did not look it. Louis, having been taken up by Fani, was considered quite one of the family. It is easy to see how the copra eaters came by their "billets," and how decently whites must have behaved here, that this little creature should have come up to Louis in the dark as naturally as a child to its mother. The sisters stayed by him until the whistle sounded. They were thoroughly well-behaved, obedient children, neither shy nor forward. No doubt Louis could have eaten copra from that day forth at the father's expense.

One of the beach-combers was wrecked on Star-

Penrhyn Island

buck Island, his ship the *Garston;* he lost all he possessed, and says he is passionately eager to get away and very sick of living on cocoanuts; and yet, when offered a chance to work his way home on the *Janet,* he asked anxiously if it were a "soft job," refusing any other. Louis gave him the better part of a tin of tobacco, but he got very little good from it. The hands of the natives who had adopted him were stretched out on every side, and one cigarette was his sole portion.

Have gone to another station on the same island, a very bad landing, so Lloyd and I concluded to remain on the ship, but Louis, more venturesome, went on shore with Mr. Hird. They were nearly pitched into the water as the boat struck on her side on the reef. The black boys all went, with the seas breaking over them, to shove her off. The town is described as most delightful; very neat, with one straight, sanded thoroughfare bordered by curbstones; the houses with verandas, some of the verandas with carved balustrades. The heat is very great. Louis sat on the sofa in the missionary's house, the boat's crew lying on the floor and being fed with dried clams strung on cocoanut-fibre sennit. At the same time they were interviewed by the missionary himself, a fine, bluff, rugged, grizzled

Raratongan, universally respected. Two old men asked for the news, giving theirs in return, their latest being that Tahiti had been taken by the French; they added a rider that the French were "humbug," which was refreshingly British. "One white man he say Queen he dead?" queried one man anxiously. They were assured that it was the Queen of Germany, and not Victoria. "Methought," said Louis, "in petto, it was perhaps Queen Anne." They are all well up in the royal family, and most loyal subjects, the island flying the Union Jack. The only "white man" in the settlement was a Chinaman, dying for curry-powder. It seemed impossible to get away without carrying half the settlement with us, and even after we thought they were all off, two young girls and a boy were discovered trying to stow away. We returned to the first landing yet again, but by that time I was sound asleep.

8th.—Sighted Penrhyn at five o'clock, but did not attempt to go in as it is an exceedingly dangerous passage, and the night was black, with heavy squalls. Lloyd and I had to leave our sleeping place on the after hatch and take refuge in the trade room where we slept on the floor. In the morning I went to look up my wet pillows and mats. Suddenly I heard a shout: "Mrs. Stevenson,

don't move!" I stopped short, hardly moving an eyelash, but curious to know the reason of this command. I soon found out; the captain threw up one corner of a large tarpaulin showing me the open hatch on the brink of which I was standing. On the last voyage a seaman was terribly injured by falling down the fore-hatch. He lay two hours insensible before he was reported missing and a search made.

9th.—We enter the lagoon very early in the morning; a most perilous passage, the way through the reef seeming but little wider than the ship itself; the captain calls it two ship widths. Our route, until we dropped anchor, was studded with "horses' heads" as thick as raisins in a pudding. There would be a rock just awash on either side of us, a rock in front almost touching our bows, and a rock we had successfully passed just behind us. We were all greatly excited and filled with admiration for the beautiful way Captain Henry managed his ship. She would twist to the right, to the left, dash forward—now fast, now slow—like a performing horse doing its tricks. The native pilot was on the masthead nearly mad with anxiety. It was the first he had had to do with a steamer, and he was convinced that the *Janet* was on the point of destruction every

moment. At last, quite worn out with such breathless excitement, we came safely to anchor in front of the village, a cluster of native houses gathered together on a narrow spit of land, or rather coral. A big wave, a short time ago, washed over the village from sea to sea. Our men are working hard getting out the boxes for the shell we are to take in, and the mates are making new boxes, hurrying as fast as their natures allow. There is quite a fleet of pearling boats hanging about. One has just come in filled with natives; the colours are enchanting: the opaline sea, the reds and blues of the men's clothing, running from the brightest to the darkest shades, the yellow boats wreathed with greenery, the lovely browns of the native skin, with the brilliant sun and the luminous shadows. Boys are already swimming out to the ship, resting on planks (bits of wreckage), their clothes, tied in a bundle and hanging over their heads, dependent from sticks. I can hear the voices of the girls and the clapping of their hands as they sing and dance on the beach. I see a man hurrying along a path, a little child with him and their black pig following like a terrier. Sometimes piggy stops a moment to smell or root at the foot of a palm, but always with a glance over his shoulder; if the distance seems growing too wide be-

tween himself and his family, he rushes after them, and for a moment or two trots soberly at his master's side.

After luncheon we went over to the village in one of the boats going for shell, landing at the white trader's house. From the first, I had been puzzled by a strange figure on the trader's veranda. When we were nearer I discovered it to be the figurehead of a wrecked ship, a very haughty lady in a magnificent costume. She held her head proudly in the air and had a fine, hooked nose. All about the trader's house were great piles of timber, and in one of the rooms a piano woefully out of tune, and other signs of the wreck of a big ship. It was a timber vessel, they told us, this last one, that went to pieces just outside the reef. Numbers of houses are being built of the boards by the more thrifty-minded of the islanders. One of the sailors cast ashore still remains here, a gentle, soft-eyed youth from Edinburgh, now fairly on the way to become a beach-comber. Fortunate lad! His future is assured; no more hard work, no more nipping frosts and chilly winds; he will live and die in dreamland, beloved and honoured and tenderly cared for all the summer days of his life. He already speaks the native tongue, not only fluently, but in the genteelest

native manner, raising and lowering his eyebrows in the most approved fashion as he whispers to the elderly dames matter that is no doubt better left untranslated.

When the figurehead came ashore people were terribly alarmed by the appearance of the "white lady." The children are still frightened into submission by threats of being handed over to her. The trader's wife is a Manihiki woman, very neat and well-mannered; we drank cocoanuts with her, and were introduced to the native missionary's daughter, an enormously large, fat girl of thirteen, but looking twenty. I believe her parents are from another island. Lloyd photographed the proud lady with a lot of children and girls grouped round her, the soft-eyed Scot familiarly leaning against her shoulder. The girls went through an elaborate affectation of terror and had to be caught and dragged to the place, whence, I believe, nothing could have dislodged them. After this photography was finished we wandered through the village, a large chattering crowd at our heels. This is the least prepossessing population I have seen since Mariki, and I am assured they are no better than they look. As we walked along I happened to pick up a pretty little shell from the beach; the missionary's fat daughter instantly

Figurehead from a wrecked ship on the veranda of the white trader's house, Penrhyn Island

gathered and pressed upon me four other shells, but as I held them in my hand living claws projected from inside and pinched me so that I cried out in alarm and threw them to the ground. Every one laughed, naturally, but an impudent young man picked up and offered me a worn aperculum, saying with a grin: "Buy; one pearl." "I could not," I assured him with mock courtesy, "deprive you of so valuable an ornament; tie it round your neck." This feeble jest seemed to be understood and was greeted with shouts of laughter. The lad was cast down for a moment, and fell behind; pretty soon he came forward again, with a dog's bone. "Buy," he said; "very good; twenty pounds." "I could not," I returned, "take from you a weapon so suitable to your courage." Of course I used pantomime as well as speech. The other young men, with shrieks of laughter, pretended to be terrified by his warlike appearance, and he shrank away to annoy me no further. Several men and women offered us very inferior pearls at the most preposterous prices, at which Tin Jack and I jeered them, when the pearls were hidden shamefacedly. They knew as well as we that their wares were worthless.

Lloyd and Louis planted their camera stand in the centre of the village, and walked about to

look for good points of view. While they were away a serious-looking man delivered a lecture upon the apparatus, to the evident edification and wonder of the crowd. During his explanation he mimicked both Louis's and Lloyd's walk, showing how Lloyd carried the camera, while Louis walked about looking round him. I sat down on a log to wait, when immediately all the women and girls seated themselves on the ground, making me the centre of a half circle and gazing at me with hard, round eyes.

After the photography Louis and I went to call on the missionary. He and his wife were at home, evidently expecting us. His wife is enormously stout, with small features and an unpleasant expression; the man rather sensible and superior-looking. A number of women and the pilot who had brought us into the lagoon ranged themselves on the floor in front of us. One of the ladies, a plain body, seeming more intelligent than the rest, possessed a countenance capable of expressing more indignation than one would think possible. She wished to have our relationship explained to her. Louis and I were husband and wife; this statement was received with a cry of anger, but at the announcement that Lloyd was our son, she fairly howled; even Lloyd's name seemed objec-

tionable. About mine there was a good deal of discussion, as they appeared to have heard it before. We drank cocoanuts under the disapproving eye of the intelligent lady, and, after receiving as a present a pearl-shell with a coral growth on its side from the missionary's wife, and another, somewhat battered, from his daughter, I gave, in return, the wreath from my hat and we departed.

Louis and Lloyd went back to the ship, but I remained, with Tin Jack, to see the church. All but three little girls were too lazy to show us the way; so, accompanied by the trio, we started on a broad path of loose, drifting coral sand. The church was a good, substantial structure of white coral, with benches and Bible rests, but there was no attempt at decoration. The room was large enough to hold all the inhabitants of the village twice over. As in most of the other islands, being "missionary"—religious—goes by waves of fashion. In Penrhyn, at any moment, the congregation may turn on the pastor and tell him he must leave instantly, as they are tired of being missionary. They have the "week of jubilee," which means the whole island goes on a gigantic "spree," when Penrhyn is not a pleasant, or hardly a safe, abiding-place. We stopped at the schoolhouse on the way back, a large, ill-smelling room, contain-

ing for furniture one table with pearl-shell disks let into the legs, standing on a dais. The only really neat house was the trader's, and he had a Manihikian wife.

The laws of Penrhyn, some of them very comical, are stringently enforced. There is no nonsense about "remain within your houses" here, for, after nine o'clock, remain you must. Last night our cook was shut into a house where he was paying a visit, and was not allowed out until after the breakfast hour. There was also a rumour that Tin Jack, being seen after curfew, had to run, the police after him, to the house of the trader, where he remained until morning. Our sailors, to-day, somehow offended the natives and came running back to the ship pursued by a crowd. The children are much more prepossessing than their parents, some of them, especially the little girls, being quite pretty and well-behaved. It is much easier to restrain them and keep them within bounds than if they were white children in similar case. Every scrap of orange-peel thrown overboard was gathered up by them to be converted into ornaments. A bit of peel cut into the shape of a star, with a hole in the centre for the purpose, would be drawn over the buttons of their shirts and gowns, while long strings were worn

hanging over the breast, or twined round the head and neck. The trader's little half-caste boy was clad in the tiniest imaginable pair of blue jeans, with a pink cotton shirt, and had little gold earrings in his ears.

10*th*.—None of our party cared to go on shore. I sent a chromo representing a "domestic scene" to the trader's wife in return for her present of a coral-grown shell. The shell I afterward gave to the cook and another to the second steward, who, by this time, was almost insane with excitement and pleasure. We had a very busy day receiving shell and packing it in the wooden cases that are still being made on the forward deck. The black sailors work extraordinarily well and with perfect willingness and good nature. They make play of everything, and in spite of their small stature and slender, elegant figures, handle great weights with the utmost ease and dexterity. The little native boys work as hard as any in helping pack the shell. One little naked fellow of about ten, I was told, was deaf and dumb, but I should never have guessed it.

As soon as there was a movement on the ship the young girls came swimming out to us like a shoal of fish. The sea was dotted with the black heads over which they held their parcel of clothes

in one hand to keep them dry, making their toilets on the lower rungs of the ship's ladder. One girl would stand at the foot of the ladder where she received the clothes of the newcomer; as the latter emerged dripping from the sea her garment was dexterously dropped over her head, so that she rose with the utmost decorum fully clad.

Louis soon had his particular following, some three or four little girls eight or ten years of age. They made him sit down and then sang to him. One of these children must have been the daughter of the indignant lady we met at the missionary's house, for her powers of expression were the same. She was, however, pleased to signify approval of Loia (Lloyd). If Louis attempted to leave these small sirens he was peremptorily ordered to resume his seat, and the singing redoubled in vigour. They had shrill voices and sang not badly. Louis bought a tin of "lollies" from the trade room and regaled his little maids on that and plug tobacco. Oranges and biscuits were given to the people quite freely, and the leavings from our table were continually passing about. The cook said the contents of the swill-pail were eaten clean, pumpkin rinds being a favourite morsel. Except for the "lollies," the little girls generously divided

with their friends, but the boys were more selfish. One little fellow who had secured a whole pumpkin rind ran about the deck with a wolfish terror, trying to find a hiding-place where he could devour his prize safe from the importunities of his mates.

Tin Jack, without my knowledge (I should have stopped him had I known) donned the wig and beard and false nose; his appearance created a real panic. One girl was with difficulty restrained from jumping overboard from the high deck, and many were screaming and rushing about, their eyes starting with terror; Louis's little girls ran to him and me and clung to us. A fine, tall young woman kept up a bold front until Tin Jack took hold of her, when she slipped through his hands, a limp heap on the deck. I tried in vain to get near him to make him cease with his cruel jest, but he was running among the frightened crowd, and I could not make him hear me through the confusion and noise. The girl who tried to jump overboard collapsed among some bags on top of the shell, where, covering her face, she wept aloud. I climbed over to her and soothed her, and tried to explain that it was not the devil but only Tin Jack with a mask. The children were the first to recover from their terror, soon recognising Tin

Jack, either from his voice, or his walk, or something that marked his individuality, for in the afternoon they returned to the ship, fetching other children, and boldly demanded that these, too, should be shown the foreign devil. All evil spirits, and there are many in Penrhyn, are called devils.

Speaking about the superstitions of Penrhyn, Mr. Hird recalls the following grisly incident that occurred when he was stopping on the island. A man who was paralysed on one side had a convulsion which caused spasmodic contractions on the other side. One of the sick man's family began at once to make a coffin. "But the man's not dead," said Mr. Hird. "Oh yes," was the reply; "he's dead enough; it's the third time he has done this, so we are going to bury him." Mr. Hird went to the native missionary, but his remonstrances had no effect; he kept on protesting until the last moment. "Why look," he said, "the man's limbs are quivering." "Oh that's only live flesh," was the reply, and some one fell to pommelling the poor wretch to quiet the "live flesh." The belief was that the man's spirit had departed long before and a devil who wished to use the body for his own convenience had been keeping the flesh alive. Mr. Hird thinks that the man was insensible when buried and must soon have died.

The "Janet Nichol" at anchor off Penrhyn Island

At another time some natives had been "waking" a corpse; tired out, they all fell asleep except a single man who acted as "watcher." By and by he, too, dropped off. The party were awakened by a great noise. The watcher explained that he had been napping and suddenly opened his eyes to behold the dead man sitting up. "A corpse sitting up just like this!" he exclaimed indignantly; "but I was equal to him; I ran at him and knocked him down, and now he's decently quiet again." And so he was, dead as a door-nail from the blow he had received.

Another thing Mr. Hird saw in Penrhyn. A very excellent man, but a strict disciplinarian, died and his family were sore troubled by the appearance of his ghost. They had suffered enough from his severity during his lifetime, and were terrified lest his spirit had returned to keep them up to the standard he had marked out for them. The day after the apparition was seen, the grave was opened, the body taken out, and the hole deepened till they came to water; the corpse was then turned over in the coffin and reburied face down.

At about five o'clock we weighed anchor and went through the exciting ordeal of the passage out of the lagoon, taking with us as passengers

to Manihiki a woman and her two children. After we were quite away, outside the lagoon, a boat came after us with a quantity of timber from the wreck; this extra and unexpected work of taking the timber on board and stowing it away, instead of being received with grumbling by our black boys, was taken as gleefully as though it were a pleasant game of their own choosing.

The passengers slept on the after hatch with us. The baby cried in the night, and the mother quieted it by clapping her hands, yawning, meanwhile, with a great noise like the snarling of a wild beast; consequently I did not sleep well. For the first time the wind is aft and the ship very airless and close.

11*th*.—The captain's eyes, which have been dreadfully inflamed, are much better, thanks to an eye lotion from Swan, the chemist at Fiji, that we had in our medicine-chest.

In the evening, about nine, we made Manihiki. Mr. Henderson burned a blue light which was answered by bonfires on shore. We did not anchor, but lay off and on, as we were only to stay long enough to land our passengers. Louis wished to go on shore with the boat, but as it did not get off until ten he gave it up and went to bed. I

made up a little parcel for him to send to Fani, and Mr. Hird carried it to her, a few sweeties carefully folded up in a Japanese paper napkin and tied with a bright-green ribbon. The child was in bed and asleep, but waked to receive her parcel which she resolutely declined to open until the next day, though earnestly persuaded by the whole family to let them have a peep inside. She appealed to Mr. Hird, who upheld her decision, so she returned to her mat and fell asleep holding her present in her hands.

I am trying to paint a small portrait of Tin Jack, who is a beautiful creature, but during the reluctant moments he poses he sits with his back toward me, his eye fixed on the clock, counting the minutes until his release. We took from the island a man, woman, and boy for Suwarrow, our next stopping-place. Mr. Hird had a singular dream, or rather vision, of the white trader in Suwarrow lying dead and ready for burial. He was so impressed by this that he took note of the time and feels very anxious.

13*th*.—I awoke at six, after a night's struggle with my mats, which the wind nearly wrested from me several times, to find we are just off Suwarrow. At breakfast Captain Henry presented me with a gorgeous hibiscus flower and Mr. Hen-

derson laid beside my plate a couple of bananas and a vi-apple, products of the island. At present there are only six people living on Suwarrow; our three passengers, counting the boy, will make nine.

I went on deck to look at the island and was told that the flag was at half-mast. Sure enough, the trader was dead; the date of his death tallied with that of Mr. Hird's vision. The poor fellow was most anxious to be relieved the last time the ship was here, wherefore one of the native passengers was brought to take his place. A neat white paling fence enclosed the grave. I asked from what disease he died. "Sickness in here," was the answer, indicating the liver; "a long time he no stand up; all the time lie down. Pain—cry out—cry out—then die."

Suwarrow and its attendant isles have been planted in cocoanuts by Mr. Henderson. A few pandanus are here and there and more varieties of small weeds than is usual in low islands. There is, also, a great deal of fine, feathery grass, worthless, unfortunately, for feeding animals. Mr. Henderson tried goats upon it, and sheep, also, I believe; they ate the grass greedily but did not thrive, and soon dwindled and died. It was found, on examination, that the grass did not digest but

remained in balls in the intestines. The cocoanuts, though most of them were planted eight years ago, do not bear very heavily; Mr. Henderson thinks they were not planted deep enough. He says they should be planted four feet under the soil, the sprouts being about five feet high. Bananas planted in imported earth are growing well, and some have taken kindly to the native soil; also chilli peppers from the high islands. Vi-trees are in full bearing, the hibiscus is gaudy with blossoms, and cotton-plants, not indigenous, but now become wild, flourish luxuriantly.

Suwarrow at some former period must have been a thriving and important settlement. One has the feeling that stirring events have happened here and that its history should be wild and romantic. At present it is very like the desert stronghold of a pirate. The pier is a very fine one and must have cost much money and labour; a number of houses are clustered near it, giving at first sight the impression of a village; there are beacons to guide the mariner and a "lookout" on the opposite side of the island. Turtles are caught occasionally, and large crabs and excellent fish. There are also birds, very good eating, and in the season innumerable eggs of a fine flavour may be gathered. One bird, no larger than a dove, lays

an egg as big as a hen's, out of all proportion to her size.

I first walked over to the weather side; here I found it delightfully cool, but the tide was high, forcing me to the shingle, so I returned, marking on the way a fine, clear pool where I mean to have a bath to-morrow. The room where I am writing looks as though it were meant for a church or a schoolhouse; but of course that is only conjecture. It is a large room, long and narrow, with double doors at each side, a single door at one end, and four unglazed windows. The windows are protected by foot-wide slats arranged to move up and down like Venetian blinds; both doors and slats are painted green. The roof, open to the peak, is neatly thatched with either pandanus or cocoanut leaves, I am not sure which. A table, originally very sturdy, but now fallen into the rickets, holds the dead man's books: "Chetwynd Calverly" by W. Harrison Ainsworth, "The Mystery of Orcival," by Gaboriau, and an advertisement book about next of kin. Behind the table is a cotton-gin, the "Magnolia," with a picture of the flower indifferently well done on its front. I sat awhile on one of the two wooden benches that help furnish the room and studied the walls, over which are scrawled names: Etelea, Mite-

mago, Saviti, Patawe, Polohiu, Atolioinine, Salhisi, Kari, Fuehau, Laku, Mitima, Paopave, Munokoa, and many others.

In another large house of a single room, roofed with corrugated iron, I found all sorts of treasure-trove from vessels that had been wrecked on Suwarrow. Piled up in one end of the house are ship's blocks, oakum, strange, antiquated fire-arms, iron parts of a ship, and the two stairs of her companionway. There is a single oar, and a tool-chest with rope handles at either end, the word SWEDEN on it, and the top covered with canvas; an iron gate, two steering-wheels, a winch, a copper blubber dipper green with verdigris, the handle of wood and iron; two life-preservers, one marked *Levi Stevens;* small, glass-bottomed boxes for searching the bottom of the sea, wheels, hatch-covers, and I know not what. At the other end of the room a ladder leads up to a loft, where sieves for guano, a harpoon, a double-handed saw, and iron shell baskets are heaped together. Two immense iron tanks, painted red, stand at either side of the seaward doors.

Next to this house came the "office," with a little cubby partitioned off one side. I looked through the pigeonholes of the cubby and found a packet of thin sheets of tortoise-shell and a

large parcel of a native woman's hair. Mildewed maps hang on the walls, the ceiling is adorned with ten rusty cutlasses, old ledgers lie about, and a bag of cotton lies on the floor as though it had just been dropped there. On one of the sides of the room is a broad, white band with painted black letters "PEERLESS wrecked on Suwarrow Island." In one corner stands a box of bits of old iron which are put in with cocoanuts when they are planted. It is called "cocoanut manure." This reminds me that the Paumotuans plant with their cocoanuts a rusty nail and a ship's biscuit. In the outer room sixteen decaying muskets are ranged in a rack. Shelves are filled with all sorts of tools, nails, axes, bush knives, tins of sardines and salmon, and a quantity of mouldy shoes in children's sizes only; among the shoes were a toy chest of drawers and a box of moulting feathers.

Passing another building containing miscellaneous wreckage, blue and white china among the rest, I came to the manager's house, a large, wooden-floored structure with a thatched roof. Here I found a native man at work on accounts, his old dog at his feet, which were wrapped up in the Union Jack to keep them warm. This room was evidently designed by a sailor and gave one quite the feeling of being on board ship. Instead of

windows there were port-holes, three on either side, with a couple flanking the front door. Covers, painted black to imitate iron, could be screwed over the ports like deadlights on shipboard. The doors, one in either end, opened in two parts, being divided across the middle. The furniture consisted of two bedsteads of native wood with cocoa sennit laced across them to serve for mattresses. A couple of bunches of bananas hung from the roof. Against the wall hung the death certificate of the dead man, which, in such cases, must be the only proof that the death was due to natural causes, and not a crime. I copied the certificate.

Samuli lee aho 2 . . . .
he motu nai mate he malu va he tau
fro ia gauali 2 1889 Ka Papu
Ko Maro tolu ne ha nie ne tamu
Ka Patiti ma miti San ma
J ketiti ma Paemani Koe tau wine
Kwenia kia mounina kelie iki lagi ke
he tan ban nei kua hobooko kiai a tautala
June ati 2—1890

Next comes "government house," as Louis calls it, neatly thatched, the floors of wood, and separated into two rooms by panelled wood from a wreck; the rooms are connected by a wide, open

doorway, the arched top and sides edged with brass. In one room is a table with a Bible and other books lying on it, a home-made sofa covered with a mat; two corner shelves, spread with newspapers cut in points where they hang over, are filled with miscellaneous books; chests, a compass-box, and a water-monkey with its neck gone stand about. On the walls are some rather pretty engravings, a few framed and one glazed. On each side of the house are small, square windows protected by solid wooden shutters that drop down when not upheld by a stick. The front and back doors are strong and divided across the middle. In the back room are two home-made bedsteads, sennit crossed, one with a mosquito curtain. Chests are on the floor, mats lie about, and a roll of fine mats is lashed to the ceiling. In front of the house, the gable end, are two large, rusty, iron boilers such as are used on ships. Inside the compound, which is neatly fenced with whitewashed palings, are two small, mounted cannon with a couple of vi-trees growing beside them. Returning to what I call the church, I passed a tool house, a large room filled with rusting tools. Two small casks of fresh water lie waiting there in case a boat should come ashore in distress for water. There is also an immense cistern sunk in the ground, filled

View of deserted buildings on Suwarrow Island. The man seated in the centre is Tin Jack

with rain-water caught on the iron roofs, but that, I believe, is kept locked.

Leaving the dog that boarded us at Auckland, and some cats, we departed from the most romantic island in the world, regretting that to us its history must always remain a mystery unsolved.

16*th*.—Arrived at Danger Island. Boats put out to inform Mr. Henderson that, despite all their promises when we were here before, there is no copra ready, it being the season when the natives collect subscriptions for the church and hold the "Me" meeting. "No tobacco," says Mr. Henderson with malicious glee as he orders the people off the ship. To my joy he says to the captain: "Can you make Nassau by night!" The captain can; and we arrive the same night and lie off and on until morning. We give Nassau a blue light, and the inhabitants respond with a bonfire, keeping it blazing all night, apparently afraid if they let it go out we may steam away.

17*th*.—Nassau is a small, high-low island enclosing a lagoon which has now dwindled to a pond. It is triangular in shape and roughly measures five miles round. We could see that the ground rose up from the beach at a considerable slope, and between the ti-trees I could make out that grass

was growing. With a glass I could distinguish a breadfruit tree. Nassau has no anchorage and the landing was thought to be too dangerous for me to attempt, so, to my great disappointment, the men went without me; from the description they gave when they returned, and from the outside view, it must be the loveliest of all the high-low islands. There are many pigs and fowls, and all the high-island fruits flourish exceedingly; turtle abound, both the green turtle beloved of aldermen and the turtle that produces the shell of commerce. The owner of the island had not visited the place for two years, so the few people living there felt as though they had been marooned. They sent two pigs on board, and offered Mr. Hird a large piece of tortoise-shell which he refused because of its value. There were some forty boxes of copra ready for sale, but, as the sea was high and the landing bad, Mr. Hird did not care to take it. Mr. Henderson, however, gave them what "trade" they wanted, some fifteen dollars' worth, as a present.

When Louis came back he gave me the following account of his visit, starting from the very beginning:

"First thing in the morning we saw the whole population gathered on the beach. As we came

nearer in and lowered a boat it was a strange thing to see the two women dancing like jumping-jacks for joy. All three men came down to the edge of the reef. H. signed to them from the bridge to jump in, and swim, which two of them, Joe and Jim, did, the boat meeting them half way. We could see them scramble in solemnly and shake hands with Johnny, who was at the steer oar, and sit down. They had a good many old friends on board, Joe especially, and it was a treat to see the absurd creature dance up to them for all the world like a clown in a pantomime. A little later, seeing Lloyd come out from under a blanket where he had been changing plates in the camera, he made us all nearly die laughing with his pantomime of terror. He called everybody 'old man'; and was always either laughing himself or the cause of laughter in others. He said they had no fish; 'got no canoe,' he said, 'why not make one,' asked one of us; 'Too much wo'k!' cried Joe with infinite gusto. He is very strong, and in reality most industrious, only he is simply marooned and means to do nothing needless. After breakfast we go ashore. The third man and a dog met us on the reef; and singular thing, the dog is afraid of us. At the house we are introduced to Mrs. Joe, Mrs. Jim and the five children, the

whole party like crazy folk, dancing and clapping their hands and laughing for mere excitement. On into the island, a garden-like place, with limes, bananas, and figs growing, and the ground in many places carpeted with turf. Not in all, however, and as I had bare feet, and the morning was hot, I presently turned back and arrived alone at the settlement. Mrs. Joe was out waiting for me with a green cocoanut; while I was drinking she tried to abstract my ring. Failing in this she led me into a shed where Mrs. Jim was, piled up pillows at my back, supported me in her arms and proceeded to feed me like an infant with cocoanut pudding. Mrs. Jim, meanwhile, patted and smoothed me, and both at the pitch of their excited voices plied me with questions as to my age, country, family, wife and business. When they heard my wife was on board, they cried out with regret that she had not come; and Mrs. Joe intimated that she was dying to go on board to see her but lacked clothes. (Both were quite well dressed, Mrs. Joe a comely fellow, in blue, Mrs. Jim in red; they began at once to build up a heap of presents for the *fafine* (lady). In the meanwhile, or concurrently, they were all through my pockets and robbed me of all I possessed; all my money, tobacco, matches, and my pocket

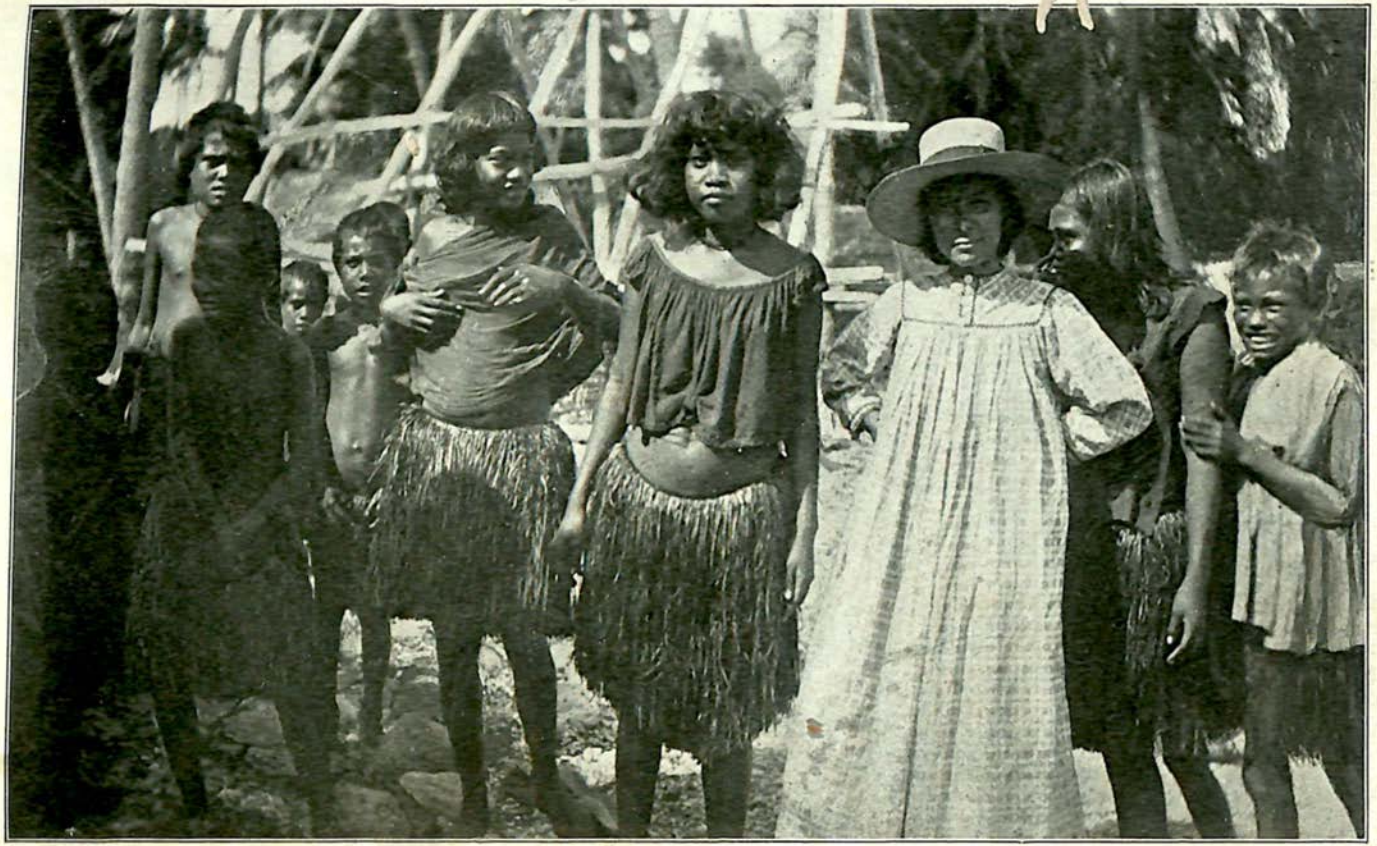
The settlement on Nassau Island

handkerchief; some capsules I saved, telling them they contained poison, and (more fortunate than the rest) my cap. They were perfectly good natured when refused anything, but returned again to the assault like flies. Mrs. Jim offered to give me her baby in exchange for Lloyd, which I accepted. When the party arrived they were all subjected to similar pillage; though, being so many, scarcely to the same endearments. (I was simply petted, smoothed, caressed, and fed like a pet animal.) The scene was one of the wildest excitement and I am sure they all had headaches. All came down to the reef to see us off; Joe and Jim were to take us out; the ladies stood a little back up to their knees, and when the boat was launched, I saw Mrs. Joe make a sudden plunge under her skirts, and next moment her gaudy *lava-lava* was flying in the air for a signal of farewell. When a native woman dons a civilised garment she still retains her native garment, the *lava-lava* twisted round her body. Once we were clear of the breakers under the able pilotage of Joe, 'this is very beastiness' said he severely, to one of our black boys who volunteered advice. Jim and he stood upon the thwarts, 'good-bye, old man,' heels up, head down, and next moment they were pushing for the shore."

19*th.*—Quiros (the Jennings) in the morning. After Nassau it seems commonplace and tamely prosperous. We walked across to the lagoon which is very large and only slightly brackish. Lloyd and Tin Jack took a swim, and I went back to the women. After drinking many cocoanuts we returned to the ship.

20*th.*—Mrs. Jennings and her sister-in-law, with a singing boat's crew Samoan fashion, visited us. Unfortunately, one of the ladies became seasick, which cut their visit short.

21*st.*—Fakaafo, of the Tokalau group. Louis and I went on shore very early in the morning. There was a big swell and all our boatmen had different views at the same moment, the consequence being that we broached to and were nearly swamped. I got drenched from head to foot and felt very cold. We walked about the village and were taken to the house of the King. The Queen spread a mat on the ground for us and we sat down beside her; she was holding a precocious little baby in her arms, her grandchild, I presume, for she looked quite an old woman. The King came to the opening of the hut and, thrusting out his head and shoulders, shook hands with us and tried to converse. Cocoanuts were offered us, but I felt too chilly for that refreshment. It



Missionary from a civilized island, and some of her converts

seemed a languid place; the very children soon tired of following us.

As I felt symptoms of rheumatism from the wetting I had got, I hunted up the trader, a pallid Portuguese, and asked if his wife could lend me a gown. He said if we crossed the island we would find a board house, belonging to him, where his wife would give me a native dress. As we drew near the place several handsome, smiling women joined us; we all sat down on the veranda and waited for the trader, who was not far behind us, and I was soon clad in comfortable dry clothes. We refused cocoanuts but accepted brandy and water. I gave the trader's wife the wreath from my head and a gold ring, after which we came back to the ship, very nearly upsetting our boat in the surf. I had with me a number of plain gold wedding rings; I always wore a few that I might take them from my own hand to offer as presents.

In the afternoon the trader's wife sent me a present of a hat. The trader used the most puzzling English possible; in passing Lloyd's room he caught sight of a guitar. "Who that music?" he asked. When told, he asked to have the guitar put in his hands and demanded that Lloyd be sent for. In the meantime he examined the instrument

and found two broken strings. When Lloyd came the trader said he wanted two fine guitar strings. Not having too many, Lloyd was loath to part with the strings, but the man was so bent on having them that the box of strings was sent for. On Lloyd asking the man about his own guitar, to our surprise he said he had none at all, and yet he went on choosing out strings with the utmost excitement. "Really," said Lloyd, "I can't let you have *all* those; I will give you this lot but no more; and I don't see what you want with them if you have no guitar"; apparently, he wanted them to "play with." Then it occurred to us that he might have some other sort of instrument on which guitar strings could be used; but no, he said he had no sort of instrument whatever. At last, after great perplexity and wild endeavours to find out what he would be at, Lloyd suddenly, as if by inspiration, asked: "Do you want to buy *this* guitar?" That was the mystery. As we had only one guitar we could not give it to him, so the poor fellow sadly returned both strings and instrument.

22*d.*—We celebrated the anniversary of our marriage[1] in front of the trade room. Champagne

[1] We forgot it on the nineteenth, which was the real anniversary, but thought there would be no harm in a belated celebration.

was set to cool in wet towels, and at about four we gathered together at the appointed place, each person to do what he could for the amusement of the others. Tin Jack gave a reading from Shakespeare, standing in a pulpit that was part of our cargo. Mr. Hird sang "Afton Water" charmingly with much grace and feeling. Lloyd sang, and Louis, taking what he saw before him as a text (it was an advertisement of St. Jacob's oil), mounted the pulpit and delivered a sermon.

Sight land, Atafu, where I hope to get Tokalau buckets, which are very useful in place of portmanteaus.

23*d*.—Mr. Henderson went ashore very early this morning, at Atafu. He boasts that he ate three chicken legs as well as half a breast and quantities of taro. As I have a little rheumatism from wearing my wet clothes so long at Fakaafo, and it rains, I decided to stay on board and take a dose of salicylate. Later the sun comes out; my rheumatism flies before the salicylate, but too late; Louis has gone in the boat and there is no other for me. I spend a dreary time watching the people with an opera-glass. The wind occasionally brings the sound of singing to my ears. Then the opera-glass gives me a headache, and I try reading, first "Olla Podrida," which I cannot manage, and

afterward the South Pacific Directory, with which I succeed better. The boat comes back at dinner time, everybody talking at once about the curious experiences they have had.

24*th.*—To my regret I did not feel well enough to go on shore. A trader, the brother of the man who wished to buy the guitar, told me his wife was coming to see me and introduced his son, a fine, little, brown fellow of about eleven. Mr. Hird informed me that he is quite a travelled youth. He, himself, told me he had been to Sydney, and when I asked, "To San Francisco?" he replied: "No, but I have been to Frisco." This child was on board a schooner when she was nearly destroyed by fire, and also when she was in imminent danger of being shipwrecked. The fire was an incendiary act. One of the sailors had several times been very impudent to the captain of the schooner and was regarded as a dangerous character. He, one day, in a fit of rage, attacked the cook with a knife and nearly murdered him. The captain, who seemed a pitiful fellow, was frightened at the thought of putting the man in irons and bungled to such an extent with the handcuffs that the culprit, himself, obligingly put them on. The supercargo asked that the culprit be confined in the cabin next his, but the cap-

tain was alarmed at the idea of having him so near. It was not long before he managed to get loose, set the ship on fire, and jump overboard. A few hours after the fire they were nearly driven on a rock before a heavy squall. When they were so close that they could almost have jumped on the rock, the vessel stopped dead and remained perfectly quiet. The rock had taken the wind out of her sails, and the backwash held them off.

By and by the trader's wife and her friend, a handsome woman with a haughty, high-bred expression, came on board. With a simplicity that was almost cynical, the trader explained that at one time there had been a great many German sailors about the islands, so, as his wife had yellow hair, he just took it for granted that she was a German half-caste. She certainly did look very like a sentimental German governess, with her yellow hair and blinking eyes, but I perceived at once that whatever else she might be, she was certainly an albino. She brought me a basket and a small Tokalau bucket. In return I gave her a gold ring which she replaced with three tortoise-shell rings and a thicker one ingeniously tied in a true-lovers' knot. I gave the friend a wreath and received a hat as an exchange present. These people are desperate flatterers; we call this

"The Isle of Flatterers." A native met Mr. Henderson in Louis's hearing. "You *handsome* man!" he cried, his voice thrilling with emotion as he eagerly studied Mr. Henderson's face. "You *good* woman!" said Mrs. Trader to me continually, her eyes melting into mine with admiration and affection as she tenderly embraced me. I asked for a lock of her beautiful hair, which, after asking permission of her husband, she gave me; I pinned it in my diary and she wrote under it, "*Fani mai feleni*" (Fanny, my friend) and her own name, "Amalaisa"; then she fanned me, and caressed me, and flattered me, and finally, getting hold of my photograph, pressed it to her bosom and face, saying: "All same you." I wonder if they really do "rub noses" anywhere! All I have seen is a pressing together of the two faces with a slight inspiration through the nostrils. While I was sitting with Amalaisa and her friend, holding a hand of each, I became aware that a very ragged but superior-looking young native man had joined our party. "That boy, King," whispered Amalaisa, so I shook hands with his majesty and called Louis to be introduced. The last words of royalty were "You *good* woman," delivered in most seductive tones.

Most of these natives are suffering from a skin

disease which covers them with whitish scales and is contagious. I trust we have not all caught it. The scaliest boy in the island has been walking about all day with his arm round Louis's waist, patting and smoothing down his hands with a purring: "You *good papalagi*" (foreigner).

When it came time to part Amalaisa gave me another hat and put more sentimental expression into her *tofa* (farewell) than one would think possible. We shook hands, Amalaisa suddenly kissed me and was gone in a flash.

Louis has written here the following account of his adventures in Atafu: "Immediately on landing I was surrounded by boys more or less scaly; the little girls fled before us in a squadron, looking coquettishly back; if they came too near the boys cast handfuls of stones upon the ground by way of a hint. 'You Peletania?' (British) they asked, one after another and again and again, always receiving my affirmative with '*Peletania—Aloha!*' taken in an indrawn breath. One boy walked all the way, caressing me. 'You good *papalagi*,' he cried at intervals. I suppose I had fifty of our escort. Presently we found some twelve stalwart dames sitting on a wall. They made me sit by them, sent for cocoanuts, caressed me with the most extraordinary fervour of admiration,

and breathed, from time to time, in an emotional chorus: '*Peletania—Aloha!*' Although not accustomed to the offer of gallantry based upon political considerations, I suspected something was intended; and presently one of the boys was called by the ladies and stood forth as an interpreter. 'All these girls he laugh at you' (these ladies smile upon you is what he meant). 'You flatter me,' said I. The disappointment caused by this miscarriage was inconceivable. A little later one of the boys asked me: 'You want wife?' 'I got wife on board,' I said. 'Wife on board,' cried he with unmistakable scorn, 'no good!' The newcomers laid traps for me as to my nativity. I could hear them asking and hearing what I claimed to be; and then they would come up and ask in a fine, offhand manner: 'You Melican?' (American). Certainly we have no possession more loyal than Atafu. Another specimen of Atafu English (they all speak some) is this: I had given a boy a stick of tobacco; another asked for one. 'No,' I said, 'all done.' 'Eet ees feenished,' said the boy who had the stick; but the boy who had it not regarded me with a playful smile. 'You go hell! no done.'

"I saw the cure for scaly itch, invented by old Jennings of Olesenga—a barrel sunk in the earth

where they are smoked with sulphur. The girl who was undergoing treatment was the most European little soul—skin of a fair brown, eyes a light hazel, hair golden chestnut. Strange that folk of a low island should so incline to fairness. Amalaisa first claimed me as *'mai feleni'*; hearing of my wife, she transferred her allegiance and began to write her love-letters; the factitious nature of this sentiment (*me judice*) didn't prevent its being an immense success."

27th.—We expect to make Funafuti, the first of the Ellices, by daybreak; at nine o'clock there was no sign of the island. "Bad steering," growled the captain. "We've run past it, and now we have to turn round and run back." At about two we anchor in the lagoon, and almost immediately the traders are aboard, two wretched-looking objects. One was a half-caste from some other island, with elephantiasis, very bad, in both legs. There were recent scarifications as though he had been attempting the Samoan plan of tapping. The other trader was not thin but the most bloodless creature I ever saw; his face, hands, legs, and feet were without sunburn, smooth, and of a curious transparent texture like wax. It seemed an overexertion to raise his large, heavy eyes when he spoke to us. The two men had pulled the boat in

which they came. The pallid one panted and held both hands over his heart as though suffering acutely. I asked him if he liked the island. "Not at all," he answered and went on to describe the people; he said he could not keep chickens, ducks, or pigs; no one could, for their neighbours, jealous that another should have what they had not, would stone the creatures to death. The same with the planting of fruit-trees; the soil was good, and there were a few breadfruits and bananas, but any attempt to grow more is frustrated. The young trees are torn up and even the old ones are occasionally broken and nearly destroyed. Before the great earthquake in Java there were plenty of good fish fit for eating. The half-caste can remember when a poisonous fish was a thing unknown; now all outside the reef are poisonous, and many inside. The worst of it is that a fish, to-day innocuous, may to-morrow become deadly. Turtle do not come to the islands at all; so there is no food besides copra except what chance vessels may bring. I fear this poor man is simply dying of starvation. A steward on board the missionary ship, who knew a little about medicine, had told him that he only needed iron and good food. "They gave me a bottle of iron," he said, "and I got better on that, or I'd be dead by now, but

how could I get the nourishing food?" I suggested his leaving the island, but the loyal soul replied that, though he knew he could save his life by doing so, he would not desert his native wife and children.

The half-caste told us several stories that sickened us to hear and yet were most interesting. In 1886 he was away from Funafuti. During his absence two American vessels, under the Peruvian flag, came to the island and distributed presents right and left to all who came to receive them. Naturally, the people were delighted, and when it was proposed that as many as liked should go to Peru to be educated by these kind people, they flocked on board in crowds. The King, anxious that as many as possible should participate in this good fortune, blew his horn, which is the royal summons. On the return of the half-caste two thirds of the population had gone, and the King was in the very act of blowing his horn again to gather in his remaining subjects, now reduced to the very young and the very old. It is needless to add that the vessels were slavers, and the entrapped islanders were never seen again.

Throughout the islands (Funafuti and her chicks, one might call them) there are not now above one hundred and fifty inhabitants all together.

They have a bad name—are said to be a dirty, rough, dishonest lot; dishonest, that is, as far as cheating goes, but they do not steal. No wonder they are dishonest, for they learned in a good school. Here is another tale of the half-caste. Mata, of Samoa, come to buy copra; there was none but what had been engaged by another vessel, the price being one and a quarter cents. "I'll give you two," said Mata promptly, which offer was as promptly accepted. But Mata's scales weighed nothing higher than one hundred and four pounds; so, though he paid two cents, he left with tons for which he paid nothing.

Resterau, the pallid trader, had sailed with both "Bully Hayes" and "Bully Pease,"[1] of whose names I am quite sick and hope I'll never hear them again. Louis and I went with Mr. Henderson over to the island, where we met the wives and children of the traders, handsome, healthy, and with excellent manners; two young girls were quite beautiful. Resterau's wife had but one eye and was a plain, kindly old body.

After a little, Louis and I strolled across the island, becoming more and more amazed by what we saw. Everything that one naturally expects to

[1] Two somewhat picturesque desperadoes of the South Seas, now dead fortunately for the rest of the world.

find on a low island is here reversed. To begin with, the fact of the poisonous fish being outside the reef is contrary to what one has reason to expect. The soil is very rich for a low island, with ferns and many shrubs and flowering plants growing. We saw a little taro and quite a large patch, considering, of bananas. There was much marsh and green stagnant pools, and the air was heavy with a hothouse smell. The island seemed unusually wide, but what was our astonishment when we pushed through the bushes and trees to find ourselves not on the sea beach, as we had expected, but on the margin of a large lagoon emptied of its waters almost entirely by the low tide. The lagoon was everywhere enclosed, but the traders told us there was a blow-hole outlet into which the natives had thrown piles of coral hoping to block it up. A little girl had once fallen into the lagoon when the tide was turning; three days after her body was found far out at sea. It was then that the blow-hole, where she had been sucked through, was discovered. Off on one side there seemed to be an opening by which we hoped to reach the beach. We crossed a bit of mangrove swamp, climbed over loose piled-up shingle that rang with a metallic sound very unlike coral, and at last reached the beach. I wandered away from

Louis, gathering shells, but was recalled by a wild shout. I found Louis bending over a piece of the outer reef that he had broken off. From the face of both fractures innumerable worms were hanging like a sort of dreadful, thick fringe. The worms looked exactly like slender earthworms, more or less bleached, though some were quite earthworm colour. They lengthened out and contracted again until I felt quite sick and had to fly from the sight. Afterward Louis broke other pieces of rock; one kind always contained worms; another kind, lighter in colour and firmer in texture, contained much fewer worms, also empty holes in the process of closing up; still others were close and hard and white, like marble. I got a good many shells, and after a fruitless search for some other way across the island than round the inland lagoon, I gave it up and we retraced our footsteps; that is, for a certain time, when we became lost, or as Louis indignantly put it: "Not lost at all; we only could not find our way."

The two traders dined with us, and I was glad to see that the bloodless man ate a large double helping of meat. Lloyd, fortunately, thought of giving him some stout and asked Mr. Henderson

if the man were the sort to give stout to; Mr. Henderson thought it a good thing to do, and Louis explained to the trader that it was given him as medicine, not as a beverage to be handed round to others, asking him to promise that he would drink it all himself. He readily enough gave the promise but said in that case Mr. Henderson would have to smuggle it over to him, as he must drink it in secret. I also gave him a large and small bottle of iron, all that we had, telling him when that was done to put nails in his drinking water. I went to bed early, very tired, but was driven below by repeated squalls, and slept on the saloon floor.

Not long ago the *George Noble* called at this island, her destination being the island of Piru (pronounced Peru). The natives who were on board heard the word and fled incontinently, nor could they be persuaded to go back; the dread word "Peru" was enough.

28*th*.—Left Funafuti early this morning. After every one was off, Lloyd photographed the ship's company to the delight of the black boys, who posed themselves with great dramatic effect.

Arrived at Natau after dark. Mr. Hird called to us that there was another vessel close at hand.

We rushed on deck and saw a schooner putting up a light. In a few moments the mate was on board the *Janet*. There is no landing at this island, and an unusually heavy swell will make a big surf in the morning. The only one of the Ellices I have as yet seen gave me such an unpleasant impression that I shall not be disappointed if I cannot go ashore.

29th.—Early this morning we anchor near the schooner. She is painted white and looks just like the *Equator*.[1] Louis says that every time he looks at her he expects to see ourselves. There seems to be great excitement aboard the little vessel; canoes filled with people are going to and fro, continually, between her and the shore. Only one canoe has as yet come near us; it was filled with women who paddled about the ship, following my movements; one of the women handsome, and the others by no means plain. The canoe was very long, tapering off into a beautiful fish's tail, something like this: and was ornamented at both ends with mother-of-pearl let into the wood in bands and patterns. The people here wear *ridis*, not so good as the Gilberts, however. The *ridis* are too full, too much

[1] We made a former cruise, our second, in the *Equator*, a little trading schooner.

Native boys setting sail on S. S. "Janet Nichol"

like ballet-dancers' skirts, though the colour is pleasantly gay, a mixture of dull red, blackish maroon, and faded yellow. The surf, as I expected, was too high for us to get on shore dry, so we did not attempt it.

In the afternoon the schooner (of 80-ton burden) began to fill up with natives; we were told that she was going to take a party of one hundred and eighty people on an excursion round the group, for which a lump sum of twenty-five tons of copra was paid. The decks of the little vessel were closely packed with laughing, chattering people; the hum of their voices came to us like the sound of bees. It was just so, not very long ago, that slave-ships used to carry them away. "What a haul that would be for labour!" remarked Tin Jack when he first caught sight of them.

There is a small enclosed lagoon in this island. Tin Jack, while on shore, broke off some of the reef coral and found it full of the same living worms as Louis discovered before on the other island, only here there were two varieties; one like a pallid earthworm and the other something like a small centipede. Tin Jack brought me a wreath of gardenias, and a spray of scarlet leaves. Mr. Hird brought me a bunch of jack-fruit leaves

to polish my Tokalau buckets with. Some young banana plants were sent on board, I suppose for friends on another island.[1] Tin Jack was strongly tempted to stop here as is his custom at most islands. The trader at Natau was a rather dreadful-looking person, apparently afflicted with leprosy. He shook hands with me, to my dismay, for his fingers were dropping off. "I think I've got some native disease," said the poor fellow as he held out his hand.

30*th.*—Still a heavy swell and the surf too strong for boats to venture in. A great crowd of natives on shore and many canoes drawn up on the beach. Pretty soon the canoes swarmed about the ship and we were overrun with eager venders of merchandise, mats, chickens, and eggs. One man followed me about beseeching me to buy a silver half dollar. "You want buy money?" said he. "How much tobac you give?" I bought one mat for ten sticks of tobacco, one for a comb, and one for a pattern of calico. I saw Mr. Henderson, in the midst of the harassing business of weighing copra, stop and paint a broad mark, with violet ink, down the breast of a fine young lad who

[1] This must have been a high-low island, though in many atolls the earth is brought in schooner loads in which trees and flowers flourish.

swaggered about afterward with a conscious air of superiority.

For a long time we saw no women, but at last a canoe containing two, pretty and young, was seen paddling wildly up and down beside the ship; the women were shouting for a sight of the "*Beretani fafine*" (white woman). I was called, and showed myself, whereupon they threw up their hands and shouted with excitement. Soon after this I met on the companion stairs the captain, half dragging, half persuading one of the young women I had seen in the canoe to come down to the saloon. Naturally she did not understand that he was only trying to bring her to me. At the sight of me she gave a cry and, breaking loose from the captain, flung herself upon me and clung to me like a frightened child. I could feel her heart beating against my breast and she was trembling from head to foot. As she held me she bent down, for she was taller than I, and smiled in my face. Plainer than words her smile said: "You are a woman, too; I can trust you; you will protect me, will you not?" I put my arm round her and talked to her in English and tried to soothe her fears. She understood my English as well as I her smiles. I brought her into the saloon and Louis gave her sweetmeats; she turned to me

with a gesture that asked if they were safe to eat. She had already a bit of ship's biscuit tightly clinched in her hand, and of that she alternately took a bite with the sweetmeats; but at the sound of a footstep she was trembling again and would throw her arms round me with the same pathetic, questioning smile. I placed a wreath of yellow and red tulips on her pretty head—she was a lovely young creature—and the captain brought her a necklace of large blue beads and a pair of earrings. All the while, though I did not know it, the girl's father was hanging about the companion way with a very dangerous expression on his countenance.

After a little, another woman, seeing that no harm came to the first, was persuaded to come down to the saloon where she stood, quivering and starting like a timid, wild animal, ready to fly at a sound. The difference between this place and Manihiki is very marked. So far from there being any fear shown in Manihiki, the very children pushed through the darkness to clasp the white man's hand, and after that there was no getting rid of the gentle, affectionate, little creatures. I remember, at Manihiki, seeing Louis sitting with a tall boy of fourteen, beautiful as an angel, holding him round the neck, a young girl

leaning over his shoulder, while a little child nestled up to his breast. But these islands were a favourite recruiting place for slavers and, worse still, a haunt of the loathsome "Bully Hayes." I gave a wreath to the other girl also, and after Lloyd (they seemed to have no instinctive fear of either Lloyd or Louis) had sprinkled them with scent from a bottle of "Jockey Club" they paddled to the shore to be met by a crowd of friends who rushed into the surf up to their necks to hear the news. The wreaths, necklaces, and earrings were taken off and examined, criticised, and tried on by all who could get hold of them; the excitement was tremendous. All the while the young girl was in the saloon the three large port-holes were entirely closed up by the faces of men, who watched every movement with the keenest anxiety.

In the meantime the ship was noisy with the squawking of fowls and the squealing of pigs. The latter are of a curious mouse colour and most amiable creatures. Later on our pretty girl, accompanied by an elder sister, very handsome, and the startled one who had visited me before, came back to the ship. Lloyd took the younger girl's photograph at the end of the bridge. I had to stand beside her with my arm round her for some

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time before she would keep in one spot long enough for the camera to be pointed at her. Though much less frightened, she was still suspicious. She brought a chicken and some cocoanuts for a present to me, also another fowl which she wished to exchange for a comb, and a mat to exchange for cotton print, both of which I gave her. The startled one brought some shells which she wished to have me understand cancelled the gift of the wreath. I wish I knew how to explain that I do not want return gifts; but that might be an unpardonable breach of etiquette.

I was sitting on a box near the trade room when a fine, intelligent-looking man, a missionary from another island, came up and began talking to me. Unfortunately, his English was so hopeless that I could understand but little that he said, except that a native he presented to me was the King, and that if we would call at the island on our way back there would be an immense load of copra ready. The King had a look of breeding, and only one of his ear-lobes hung down to his shoulder in the native fashion, the other having somehow miscarried. The outer rim of the ear is sliced round and grafted against the jaw, thus making a much larger hole than can be managed at the Gilberts with mere boring and stretching.

Moving through the crowds on deck were three unmistakable lepers, one with elephantiasis also. The toes of the man with elephantiasis were dripping blood, not very pleasant for us barefooted people. I have asked the steward to hang all the mats, some of which are very handsomely decorated, over the side when next we anchor and let them be thoroughly washed by the sea. Just before we left the King asked for me; he had brought me a present of a large mat, a bunch of husked cocoanuts, and a very fine *ridi*[1] of different colours. I bought one, also, not so fine, from a woman for seven sticks of tobacco. I had nothing to give the King in return for his present—I am bound to say he seemed to expect nothing—so I pulled a gold ring from my finger and gave him that. He was overcome by the magnificence of the gift, as were the crowd who gathered round him to examine it.

During dinner we weighed anchor and shoved off. The captain had expected to meet the schooner

[1] The *ridi* is the only garment worn by the women in most of the atolls. It is a thick fringe, shorter or longer, according to the prevailing fashion in *ridis*, made of pandanus leaves cut in strips, oiled, and smoked. In the Gilberts a man may not lay his hands on a *ridi* under penalty of death, even when the garment is not in active service.

at this island; there were no signs of her until late at night, when she was sighted, apparently on a wrong tack. The captain fears they may be out longer than they expected and the provisions run out; however, there are always the twenty-five tons of copra at hand in case of an emergency, and the passengers can eat their currency, which is more than we would be able to do. The *Janet* has taken to her old trick of rolling, which makes things very uncomfortable. When I went to bed the cackling of hens, the crowing of cocks, and the grunting of pigs gave quite the effect of a farmyard. Our three cats seem to be getting the "rattage" well under; at least there are no more rats on deck and the old, businesslike Tom now takes his ease and sleeps all night.

31*st.*—The Island of Nanui. A very violent surf and very broad. Louis goes on shore and returns with a mat. Tin Jack is in great feather as the Nanui people speak the Gilbert Island tongue which he knows. Louis is instantly accepted as a kaupoi (rich man), though he cannot imagine why, as he was clothed only in an old, ragged undershirt and a *lava-lava.*

June 1*st, Sunday.*—Still at Nanui. Mr. Henderson asked his black boys, as he was afraid of a change of weather, to work to-day. He said it

was a case of necessity, so they consented and fell to like good fellows. After work was done they all gathered together, as is their custom on Sunday, and held a service. It was strange to hear them singing a Scotch hymn tune with words in their own tongue—or tongues, I should say.

2*d.*—Still taking on copra. Johnny, one of our men, the cleverest one, brought his wife, a native of Nanui, to see me—a strapping fat wench of sixteen, though she looks twenty-five. I gave her some cotton print and a silk handkerchief. A little after Johnny came, with a most serious countenance, to ask Louis to go on deck, where he found a large, mouse-coloured pig and a great pile of cocoanuts awaiting him. Among the people on deck I saw a man the facsimile of the leper at the last island; involuntarily, I looked at his feet, and, sure enough, the poor fellow had elephantiasis also.

The captain offers to make me a plan of a surf-riding canoe. There was a light rain last night which the captain thinks must have fallen on my eyes, as they are inflamed and swollen to-day. When rain in these latitudes touches the captain's eyes, which happens often on the bridge, he is affected in the same way.

4*th.*—At the Island of Nanomea. Two traders

come on board, the company's trader known through the groups as "Lord ———" and an "independent" trader, a pathetic figure of an old man with both legs bound up; he said he suffered from boils. Soon after, the missionary and his wife came on board, both Samoans, the woman a fine, kindly looking creature with a very sad expression. I said as much to Louis and she wished my remark translated. With the aid of a dictionary Louis told her what I had said. "I am sad," was the reply. She brought me a present of a mat, and I gave her a print gown. I bought, also, a few mats from the people. One man, followed me about, insisting that he and I should be brothers. He had a mercenary countenance, wherefore I refused steadily the proffered relationship. In spite of me, however, he managed to thrust a bunch of cocoanuts into my cabin door to ratify the tie.

The surf is very high. When the boats went off, the one containing the traders and the missionaries turned over, end for end, and the poor, old "independent" was nearly drowned. The missionary woman dived for him again and again, and we could see people carrying him along the beach after she rescued him. Several canoes smashed during the day and some bags of copra were lost.

In the evening we had a long discussion as to whether Lord ——— is a gentleman, I taking the affirmative with no more to go upon than the way he raised his hat.

7th.—Have been lying at Nanomea, the last of the Ellices we shall visit, for three days, unable to get the cargo on board till to-day owing to the fearful surf. A good many canoes are broken to pieces, and our own boats have had many escapes. While I was looking through the glasses a great wave swamped one of our boats and pressed her down out of sight. In a moment black heads popped up everywhere and the boat was hauled on shore. Another boat was just on the point of crossing when the steersman was snapped off his perch and flung into the sea; he was almost instantly back and crossed in triumph. Every success was cheered from the ship by the watching men.

It is always a great pleasure to the natives to help raise the ship's boats to the davits for the night. They know that white sailors make a sort of cry or "chanty" when hauling on a rope, so they, too, try to do the correct thing. The result is a noise very like a mob of schoolgirls let loose, a confusion of soprano screams. No one would suspect the sounds to come from the throats of

men. Our own black sailors are the same; we hear them screaming and laughing in the forecastle exactly like girls. We are so used to island life that it has but just struck us as odd and picturesque that our almost naked sailors (they wear only a short *lava-lava* round their loins) should be working in wreaths like queens of the May.

It is only to-day that any women have been able to get on board. Not knowing there were any on deck, I started toward the trade room. There was an instant loud cry of "*Fafine! Beretani fafine!*" and I was in the midst of them. The two who seemed of higher rank than the others took possession of me, and it was explained to me by our Johnny that they had come prepared to make a trade. Each had an elaborate *ridi* for which she wanted two patterns of cotton print. The bargain seemed so unfair that I added a necklace apiece of yellow and white beads. They were enchanted with the necklaces, calling everybody to look at them. Then they began pulling off their rings to put on my hands; I did not like taking their rings, but I need have had no scruples, for one of them with prompt energy removed a gold ring from my finger to her own. These exchanges made, they fell to examining my clothes, which filled them with admiration. The next thing, they were try-

ing to take my clothes off; finding this stoutly resisted, they turned up my sleeves to the shoulders. Their taste differed from mine, for, while I was thinking what a cold, ugly colour a white arm looked beside their warm, brown ones, they were crying out in admiration. One woman kissed my feet (the island kiss) and sniffed softly up and down my arms. She was plainly saying to the others, "She's just like a pickaninny; I would like to have her for a pet," holding out her arms as she spoke and going through the motions of tossing and caressing a baby. My hands and feet were measured by theirs and found to be much smaller (they were large women made on a more generous scale than I). "Pickaninny hands and feet," they said. The discovery of vaccination marks caused great excitement, especially as one of them could proudly show similar "*Beritani*" marks. Whether they were real vaccination scars or only accidental, I could not be sure. She, however, declared that they were true *Beritani*. Suddenly they all began calling out names; there were now five or six women sitting in a circle round me on the floor of the corridor at the head of the companion stairs. In a moment all their husbands' heads appeared at the doors and windows. My sleeves, in spite of my struggles, were

dragged to my shoulders and, to my dismay, my petticoats were whipped up to my knees. At that I began to cry, when the men instantly disappeared, and except for an occasional sniffing the women behaved with more decorum. One woman was most anxious that I should stop on the island with her. I really think she had some hope that she might keep me as a sort of pet monkey. At last they were warned that the ship would be off soon, so they fled to their canoes.

For some time eight or ten canoes, loaded with people, hung to the ship's sides, rocking to and fro with her as she rolled. It was a beautiful sight, and Louis and I leaned over admiring them. Suddenly a lovely young girl (we were told she is to be married next week) climbed up to me like a cat, pulled off a ring, and pushed it on my finger. I ran back and got a blue-bead necklace for her and she climbed down in a state of great delight. The beads will doubtless serve as wedding jewels, for she did not put them on but tied them up carefully in a bit of cotton stuff. We watched the canoes go over the surf; one, filled with women, upset, but nobody appeared to mind so small a mishap.

Mr. Hird tells us a story it is well to remember. There was some sort of disturbance at Penrhyn,

where his vessel was trading, and all on the ship were afraid for their lives to go ashore except himself. The moment his boat touched ground he dashed up to a little maid of seven, the chief's daughter, and, taking her by the hand, calmly walked to where he wished to go.

Last night, as we were sitting round the lamp, some one looked up and perceived that all three port-holes had as many faces looking through them as could find an eyehole. Mr. Henderson went into his room and arranged a few conjuring tricks. When he returned he made money disappear in a box, bits of cork change places, etc. While speaking to one of us he carelessly tore off a piece of newspaper and handed it to a man at the port-hole, but as the man's fingers closed on it the paper disappeared. "*Tiaporo!*" (the devil!) he cried, his eyes almost starting from his head. This was followed by the throwing up of money which apparently fell back through the crown of a hat and jingled inside. The last and most thrilling feat was after Mr. Henderson had been pulling money from all our heads, noses, and ears. He seemed to be retiring quietly to his room when he gave a start, looked up in the air over his head, and with a leap caught a silver dollar that seemed to be falling from the ceiling.

I forgot to say that in the afternoon Louis was dictating to Lloyd, who used his typewriter. All the air and most of the light was cut off from them by heads at the port-holes. I watched the faces and saw one intelligent old man explaining to the others that Lloyd was playing an accompaniment to Louis's singing; the old man several times tried to follow the tune but found it impossible. He did not appear to think it a good song, and once, with difficulty, restrained his laughter.

9th.—We should have picked up Arorai yesterday at four o'clock, but somehow missed it and did not arrive until this morning. An atoll about six miles long, the first of the Kingsmills (or Gilberts). Natives swarmed round the ship in canoes built somewhat after the pattern of the American Indian birch-bark canoe. The pieces are tied together with cocoanut sennit and the boats leak like sieves. Louis, Lloyd, and I went on shore in the afternoon, Louis, to my distress, for it was very hot, with a hammer to break off bits of the reef for examination and Lloyd with the camera. Louis found the rock he wished to break but was a little afraid to use the force necessary. Seeing a powerful young man standing near, he offered a stick of tobacco for the job. The fellow smiled with delight, took the hammer, and struck one

blow. "Too much work," said he, dropping the hammer.

Lloyd and I were taken in tow by an old man and led to the house of the missionary, who was himself on board the ship; but his wife and family, a handsome young Samoan woman with a pair of sickly twins, were at the door to give us welcome. We drank cocoanuts with her and took a photograph of the group.

There is very little soil on the island, which is subject to severe droughts; yet there are a number of breadfruit and jack-fruit trees growing luxuriantly, not many, however, old enough to bear. The village looked clean and prosperous. Children and women were pulling weeds and carrying them away in baskets. Lloyd and I strolled along a wide avenue that ran through the town for about a quarter of a mile, stopping once to photograph an old woman who had evidently dressed up for the ship. She was standing in the doorway of a neat house built of stockades tied together—the first I've seen in these islands. The house belonged to a trader who was abroad at the time. Returning, we saw two women, tall and superior in carriage and looks to the common people, marching abreast toward us; they were dressed in gala-day *ridis* of smoked and oiled pan-

danus strips and swung the heavy fringe from side to side, as they walked, in the most approved and latest style. As they came nearer to us their four eyes were fixed on the horizon behind us, and they swaggered past as though unaware of our existence, though we were attended by a following of the greater part of the village. I stopped and looked after them, but neither turned a head.[1]

At the veranda of the mission house we found Louis entertained by the old man and indignant at receiving no attention from the missionary people; we suggested that his chopping at the reef in the hot sun had convinced them that he was a lunatic.

We had heard of a sick trader, so we all three went to his house with an immense tail of followers, who seated themselves outside in a circle eight or ten deep while we talked to the sick man. A forlorn being he looked, lying on a mat, his head thrust out into the open through the thatched sides of the hut to catch what air there was. He had been ill a month and a half, he said; the whole population had been ill, also, his wife and children with the rest. With them it came first

[1] At this island I remember that the women wore what looked like doll's hats as ornaments on their heads. They were about the size of the top of a tumbler.

as a rash, then a fever, followed by convalescence. He had no rash, but after feeling very badly for a week or two, fell down in a fit, foaming at the mouth and black in the face. Since then he had been suffering from an intolerable pain in the head and could not stand for weakness. I asked if he had proper food, which Louis followed by asking if his appetite was good. When he could get anything to eat, he replied, he liked it well enough; but he could not get anything. A bit of fish or a chicken he could relish, but the people seldom fished and a chicken was impossible. His food consisted almost entirely of pounded pandanus seeds, in which there was about as much nourishment as in chopped straw. His hands and feet were pallid and bloodless and he looked very near the end. He was born, he said, in Colton Terrace, Edinburgh. "I'm frae Edinburgh mysel'," said Louis. "We are far frae hame," returned the poor fellow with a sigh. We went at once to the beach to get a boat, intending to consult "Hartshorn," our medical authority, as to his case, which I believed to be suppressed measles. Louis spoke to Mr. Henderson about sending the man a case of soups to begin with, anything heavier being dangerous in his weak state and semistarved condition. Mr. Henderson, who is generosity itself, seemed

rather hurt that we had not taken it for granted that anything the man needed would be supplied him at once. Mr. Henderson's only fear was that the man would, in the usual native custom, give all the food away. He first divides with his family, and then they divide with the outside relations, so that provisions sufficient for a month may only last a day. It is an amiable weakness, certainly, but one could wish that the recipients of his bounty showed a little more gratitude. Fishing would be no more than play for them; but I fear neither fish, flesh, nor fowl can save him now.

The missionary who came aboard showed Louis his eye, in which he was blind, the effect of measles, and begged for a cure. Of course there was none, but Louis advised him to live as generously as possible and, instead of a continual diet of pandanus seeds, to try and get some fish. As soon as it was dark the sea was crowded with fishing-boats, lighted up with flaring torches, made by wrapping sennit round a dry cocoanut leaf; so we hope our poor trader may receive some benefit, also. We could see that they were scooping up in their nets many flying-fish. The light from the torch attracts the fish, which come to the surface of the water round the boats and are then dipped up in little nets on the ends of long poles.

While I was resting after my excursion to the island I heard a great commotion; a native had been discovered trying to stow away in the hold among the coal. Two large men could not overpower him, and for a long time he refused to come out. One of the white firemen finally leaned over the open hatch and held out a stick of tobacco. "Won't you come out for that?" he asked with an insinuating smile. "He is making signs that he will," he continued, looking at me quite proud of his cleverness. Sure enough, up came the native, a beautiful youth with a sullen face and blazing eyes. He strode haughtily past the fireman, looking neither at him nor his proffered tobacco, sprang upon the side of the ship, where he balanced himself a moment, and then jumped into the sea and swam ashore. I sympathised with the boy and was sorry he was caught, the more especially that another man had chosen a better hiding-place and was not discovered until we were well at sea.

When we left the island we should have signalled a boat, but a canoe lying at hand, we took that instead. We waded out toward the canoe, but, as the water began rising above my knees, I stopped in alarm when a native caught me up in his arms, unawares, before I had time to arrange my skirts,

and I was carried out, willy-nilly, my legs waving frantically in the air. I tried to shield them from the view of the ship with my umbrella, which I was unable to open, but I fear my means were inadequate. The canoe was a fourth filled with water; its owner sternly commanded Louis and me to bail and Lloyd to paddle.

From the last island we took on some passengers —two cats in an onion crate—and at this island exchanged them for a woman and a sickly baby. I was much amazed at seeing the mother spread a thick, dry mat on the wet deck for her own comfort, her baby being planted on the cold boards. I made her take it up and lay it beside her on the mat, which seemed to amuse her a great deal. As the baby still shivered, I got an old *lava-lava* of Tin Jack's and wrapped it up in that, charging the mother not to dare remove the *lava-lava.*

This is the island where, in 1871, three slaveships, the *Moroa* (bark), *Eugenie* (schooner), and a barkentine, name unknown, came for "recruits." The King, in his fright, offered them all his people except the very young, the very old, and a few young girls reserved for his harem. It is needless to say that his offer was accepted. I have since met and conversed with a man who was on board one of these ships.

12*th.*—Arrived early this morning at Onoatoa. The missionary's child is named Painkiller.

13*th.*—Noukanau in the morning. Met the German "labour" brig *Cito*, after recruits, doubtless for Samoa; then ran over to Piru and back again to Noukanau at night. At Piru we met the American schooner *Lizzie* with two passengers.

At Peru came on board a man named Cameron, another named Briggs, and a person with an Italian name I forget. Briggs said he made much more money by "doctoring" than by trading. A strange disease, he told us, had broken out in the island; the Samoan wife of a trader had died the night before and many others were down with it. It is contagious, and the natives take no care to avoid infection. I said it was measles, which Briggs denied, declaring it was typhus. I asked him where he got his knowledge of "doctoring." "Straight from my father," said he; "my father was the celebrated Doctor Briggs, and if you buy a bottle of his patent medicine you can read an account of his life on the wrapper."

Cameron is a Scotsman with a twinkling, hard blue eye, the daft Scotch eye. He followed every word we said with sly caution (partly, no doubt, in consequence of drink) as though he feared being trapped into some dangerous admission. He

was one of the men of the *Wandering Minstrel* that was so mysteriously wrecked on Midway Island, and was afterward charged by the captain with not reporting the fact of there being other starving castaways left on Midway when he was rescued. To us he denied this vehemently, and said he at once delivered a letter written by the captain. Louis tried to get a hint of how and why the vessel was wrecked, but failed. "Mosey," the Chinaman who was in the boat with Cameron, was afterward wrecked again on the *Tiernan*, the schooner we so nearly took passage in ourselves.[1] Louis got this much from Cameron—but I am sure very little, if any, of it is true—that he had written an account of the wreck which, with the log he kept on the boat, had been left on one of the islands we are about to visit, for safe-keeping. Before Cameron left he had given Louis a signed order for the apocryphal manuscript. Of the two men we brought one back with us, Captain Smith, who, having lost his schooner on this island, remained as a trader. He seemed a modest, intelligent young man, rather above the South Sea average. Tom Day, however, is—must be—the "flower of the Pacific." Tom is fifty years of age, with a

[1] When we were accidentally marooned at Apemama during a former cruise.

strong, alert figure and the mobile face of an actor; his eyes are blue-grey in deep orbits, blazing with energy and drink and high spirits. "Tom Day" is not his real name, he says, and Tom Drunk would do quite as well; he had found it necessary to go to the expense of a shilling to have it changed, as he had three times deserted from men-of-war. "I've been in prison for it," he said cheerfully, "and I got the cat for it, and if you like you can see the stars and stripes on my back yet." He took pleasure in representing himself as the most desperate of ruffians. Tin Jack asked him to go back to Sydney with him. "I couldn't leave my old woman behind," said he; "and besides, you see, I got into trouble there. The fact is, I've got another wife there, and I think I'd do better to keep away." He then began to tell of a quarrel he'd had with his "old woman" when he took her to Auckland. How she chased him along the street with a knife in one hand and a bag of sovereigns —his entire fortune—in the other; he begged for the bag of sovereigns, trying to lay hold of it and at the same time avoid the knife wielded by the "old woman" (a young native girl, no doubt), who alternately lunged at him with the knife and cracked him over the head with the bag of sovereigns. The bursting of the bag, which scattered

the sovereigns in every direction, fortunately ended the quarrel. He mentioned Maraki, on which Louis called to mind a story he had been told many times over.

"You are the Tom Day who had a native's head cut off," said he; "now tell me the story," which Tom presently did. A native had shot at him without provocation. Some one said: "Don't shoot; it's a white man." "A white man can cut a bullet as well as another," was the native's reply as he fired. Tom put his hand to his ear, found that the shot had grazed it and his head, and the blood was running from the wound. Infuriated, he rushed into the house for his rifle, but when he got back the man, frightened at what he had done, had disappeared. Tom tried to persuade the people standing about to go after the man, pinion him, and fetch him back to be tried. To this they objected; they could not get him, they said, as he was a chief and had people to protect him. One of the men came close to Tom. "Better we kill him," he said in a low voice, which Tom imitated. "If you do," was Tom's answer, "fetch me the head." Then turning to us with an apologetic air he explained that "If I had not asked to see the head they'd just have gone and killed some poor, inoffensive fellow and I'd never have known the

difference." That night he was called up by the men who had the head, sure enough. "I made 'em stick it up on the wall," said Tom, "and then I got a light and looked at it. I jerked it down and slung it as far as I could; and, by golly, the old woman was in the way, half scared to death, and it took her on the side of the head and knocked her down, and I had to pour three or four pails of water over her, for she had fainted dead away."

"And after that," he continued with an air of virtuous indignation, "they wanted to make trouble about it in Sydney—they said I had killed a man. What did they mean by it, I'd like to know? I never killed no man; I only told them to fetch his head so I could be sure it was him."

It was very cold last night and my bed and tent and things nearly blew away; I could not leave them and go below where it was warmer, but had to stay and hold on to my belongings lest I should lose them entirely; so to-day I lashed everything securely. No one stayed on the hatch but Lloyd and me. The onions alongside Lloyd's and my beds are decaying, and smell horrid, as do a great lot of sharks' fins drying over our heads.

15*th*.—Waked to find that we were lying off Tapituea, Tin Jack's station. He had packed the day before and was all ready to land, his pig

tied up and lying on deck. Tapituea looks a large and dreary island, the whole lee side submerged, making it very dangerous. We could not venture inside the lagoon, and even if we did we should have to anchor far away from the landing-place. It was a long time before any one came on board, but finally a Hawaiian who spoke a little English came out in his canoe. As Tin Jack appeared to be rather depressed with the news from his place, and it was almost impossible to land his stuff, we left Tapituea and ran on to Nanouti, where he thought he might prefer to stop. He has a sort of partner at Nanouti, known as "Billy Jones's cousin." The partner was soon on board, a man with a big head and one hand blown off by dynamite. A new arrangement was made with Tin Jack, who said he preferred staying in the ship as long as possible. We are now to carry him on with us, and land him at Nanouti as we return. A pleasant-looking young native came on board with the trader. He wore a rosary round his neck, which reminded me that there were Catholic missionaries on the island; I therefore made a little parcel of four Catholic pictures for them, and Louis put in his card; Tin Jack added a bag of garlic.

We left Nanouti before dinner, had a beautiful golden sunset, and are now steaming on to some-

where else, Apemama,[1] I trust. To-night the evening star is extraordinarily brilliant, with the blue fire of a diamond. Last night Mr. Hird came to the hatch and called out in a most excited voice:

[1] It seems easier to explain our relation with Tembinoka, King of Apemama, at whose island I hoped we would call, by giving an extract from a former diary written on the trading schooner *Equator:*

We have been now about a month on the island of the redoubtable Tembinoka, an absolute monarch, who holds the lives of his subjects (our own also) in the hollow of his hand. He says: "I kill plenty men, him 'praid (afraid) now. I no kill any more." That he does not mean to kill any more his subjects do not believe, nor I, quite, myself. He once shot five men, one after another, as they sat in a "*moniap*" (native house) where they had been brought to be examined by him concerning some breach of his laws. There were seven men in all, but two escaped and are still at large in another island. He says his father had a head house where he hung up the decapitated heads of his enemies —or in other words, people who differed in their opinion from him or whom he did not like (a friend of ours afterward saw this *moniap* with its grisly decoration of skulls). No missionaries and no white people are allowed on Tembinoka's islands (he rules over three) with the exception of Johnny, an inoffensive, dying "poor white," who lives some four miles from the village. We did not know in the least whether we should be allowed to remain, and waited with some anxiety for the appearance of his Majesty. In the meantime the whole ship was in a commotion, scouring the decks

"Osbourne, we are just passing the equator!" Lloyd jumped out of a sound sleep and ran aft, crying: "Where is she? I don't see her!" It was a sorry joke; we were crossing the line, and it was not

and getting everything into apple-pie order: I did not know that the *Equator* could be brought to such a pitch of cleanliness. Finally the King's steps arrived, were made fast to the sides, and the royal boat was seen to put out. We thought it more dignified to remain in the cabin and show none of the curiosity we felt concerning this very remarkable man. We had been told that he was grossly stout, and that was all the description we had been able to get from the stupid people we had talked with; consequently, we were not prepared to meet the most magnificently royal personage that it has yet been our lot to behold, a gentleman by nature and a king every inch of him. He gave us a long and careful study; afterward he said it was first the eyes and then the mouth he judged by. We passed muster, Louis's eyes being specially commended, and were told to come ashore and remain as long as we liked as his guests. The next day we chose a spot where we thought it would be pleasant to live, and Tembinoka ordered his men to carry houses and set them up there for us. The captain and Lloyd stayed at the King's palace all night; the next morning they were alarmed to see Tembinoka shooting into the village with a rifle. He explained that his men were lazy and should be at work, so he was reminding them that accidents were possible. The whole trembling village set to work like bees, and by the time I came over, one sleeping house was up, a little thatched bird-cage with flaps

Captain Reid's schooner, on which we had passed so many delightful months.

16*th.*—Early this morning we were lying outside the lagoon of Apemama, just alongside the

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on all sides to raise or lower as one likes, and an open-sided cook house for Ah Foo (a Chinese servant we brought from the Marquesas). The King sat on a mat and directed proceedings. He motioned me to sit beside him and asked for a cigarette, of which he is very fond. Whenever a native has to pass the King, or come near him for any purpose, he must crouch and crawl; even his Majesty's own sister did so when she came to join our party.

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We have had a little ripple of excitement on the usually smooth current of our existence. To go back to the beginning: Soon after we were settled in "Equator town," as we call our hamlet, the King proposed sending the royal cook to learn from Ah Foo. The man was an insolent, handsome fellow, with no intention of either learning or working, and either lay on the floor of the kitchen or squatted smoking, while Ah Foo, who was in mortal terror of Tembinoka, prepared the dishes which the royal cook, without doubt, passed off as his own productions. This went on for some time, and as the King's meal hours are the same as our own, interfered a good deal with Ah Foo's work and consequently our comfort. The climax was reached when the cook, too lazy to walk down to the well for a can of water for himself, came softly behind me as I was watering my plants and impudently snatched a dipperful from my pail. We then took the first opportunity

little island at the entrance. There was no sign of life, so, after waiting awhile, a boat with Mr. Henderson, Tin Jack, and Louis went to find out the reason. They came back with the news that

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to let the King know how things were going, advising him to send a man who was willing to learn. Since then his Majesty's steward, a capable, serious man, has accompanied the cook. Shortly after our complaint we heard several rifle-shots from the palace, and soon after met the cook, who passed us hurriedly, without the usual salutations, his countenance bearing the marks of furious anger and fear. It seems that he had been the King's target, running and crouching behind piles of stones, the bullets flying after him. Tembinoka came over a few days later and apologised for having possibly alarmed or annoyed us. He said he had no intention of killing the man, which he might have done easily, being a dead shot, but only wished to frighten him. He said he had killed enough people to show the rest what he could do, but thought it a good plan to remind them occasionally that he had a rifle and the power to use it as he pleased. "More better him 'praid" (afraid), were his words. As may be imagined, the cook bears us no good will, knowing that our complaints had turned that fearful rifle against him. However, he dropped his insolent airs and became almost obsequious.

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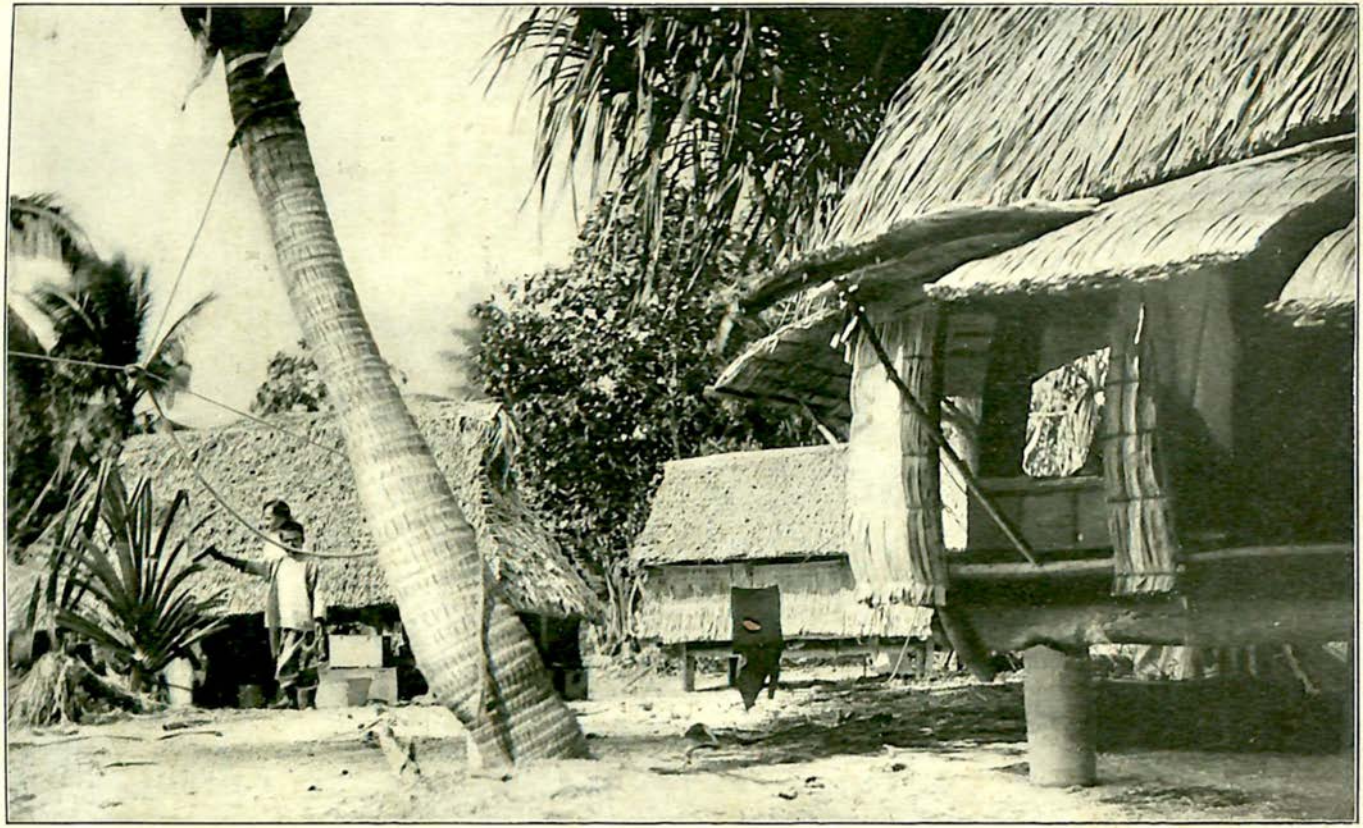
Since we have been here, the schooner *Tiernan* came in for copra. While she was lying in the lagoon, the King spent most of his time aboard and some seven hundred dollars of his money (he spent nearly one thousand on



"Equator Town," showing corner of the sleeping-house and cook-house

the King was away visiting his island of Kuria, so off we started to hunt for him. Arrived at Kuria, a boat came out to tell us that the King was ill from the sequelæ of measles; also it brought an

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the *Equator*); then he got very drunk, going on steadily a little worse or a little better, according to his headaches. Day before yesterday, he gave a feast and dance to which he did not invite us. At noon he came to say he would lunch with us. His eyes were wandering and his voice excited and almost boisterous. It was plain that royalty was not far from being vulgarly drunk. We could see that he had been worried by our visits to the palace having ceased and wished to have an understanding that there was no ill feeling on either side. He demanded beer, saying that he had been drinking gin and port wine, and dozed off in his chair, starting up in a few moments much mortified. I noticed that even in this stage of semi-intoxication, he used his knife and fork in our fashion, and not as he had learned from the "South Sea merchants." It is an unending pleasure to hear the King say: "I want to go home." There is an element of appeal in it, reminding one of a child who can bear the tedium no longer. It is always directed to Louis or, he being absent, to me as his representative. He wanted to go home very soon after that luncheon. In the evening we could hear the dancers in the big "speak house," clapping, stamping, and singing. The sounds were so savage, so like an immense pack of dogs fighting in a mass, that we did not realise what it was, but thought that some form of riot was going on. An absolute tyrant like Tembinoka walks amid dangers of which he is fully conscious.

insulting letter to Mr. Henderson, signed by the King but written in a white man's hand; Mr. Henderson, very angry, showed the letter to Louis, who proposed that he should be present

Tembinoka dead drunk was not an idea to contemplate with serenity, and the sound of a single shot did not tend to reassure us, so we laid our pistols where they would be handy. Louis's idea is that no one would attack the King unless he were absolutely certain of killing him instantly, in which case we had better wait here until the enemy came for us. I think on the contrary, that the commission of so enormous a crime would make a pause. The terrors of the deed would fill the childish minds of the natives to the exclusion of anything else and there would be a short time of confusion in which nothing would take place but shoutings and aimless running about; then would be our time to rush in and take possession of a stout wooden house inside the palace walls, and the King's arms, and really the King's throne. There would always be the chance, a very slight one, to be sure, that we might still be in time to save the King's life. I do not quite understand what Louis's tactics would be, but aside from any other consideration, there must be but one commander and he should be absolute even though the others do not agree with him.

After the shot (which was only aimed at a dog, though that we could not know) we listened and found that there was no interruption to the singing and dancing, which reassured us. In the night, Louis, being restless and not sleepy, took his flageolet and wandered off into the woods, playing as he walked,

at the interview with the King. To this Mr. Henderson consented. Of course we all went on shore; Louis and Lloyd and I took our presents with us; from Louis a chibouk, from Lloyd a filled car-

until I lost hearing of him. About midnight, or a little later, I was out a short distance from the house watching with some anxiety for his return. Pretty soon I saw him coming along the main path toward our house. I also saw a dark figure dogging his steps. I called to him, telling him what I had seen. He was convinced that it was an hallucination of mine and I was quite ready to believe him, but as we talked I caught sight of the man running toward the palace. I pointed him out to Louis, who dashed off in pursuit. When the man saw he was outdistanced, for Louis is a fine sprinter, he turned the face of the cook, smiling suavely. I heard "sea language" in Louis's biggest voice, and saw him leaping strangely in the moonlight, like a grasshopper. He came back in fits of laughter, saying he had kicked the cook, who fled in terror.

Ever since the cook found we had turned against him I have had an uneasy feeling that some one was about our sleeping house in the night, and several times I was certain a hand was cautiously feeling about inside our door flap. It seemed a foolish notion, so I had said nothing about it until this night, then Louis said he, too, had distinctly heard the same thing. We cannot complain to the King for he would kill the man instantly, and we do not go so far as to desire his death. We have not seen or heard from him since. Ah Foo thinks he has gone away in fear of his life. I have it in my heart to be sorry for the fellow, for his terror must

tridge-belt with a sheathed dagger, mine being the King's own flag after my design. I thought it very generous of Mr. Henderson that he advised me to keep my flag back in case the King came on

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be extreme, and we who have brought this upon him belong to the feared and hated white race.

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We are getting to be rather anxious concerning the *Equator*. She was to be gone two weeks, but it is now over a month since she left us. The *Tiernan* met her at Butaritari, she leaving the day before Captain Saxe of the *Tiernan*. Captain Reid intended to go to Maraki to take a man known as "the poisoner" over to another island, Taravao, I think. Now Taravao is so near to Maraki that Peter Grant had been over there in a small boat. There may have been trouble in Maraki—certainly it was imminent—which has kept the captain, but still it is a long time. He promised; if the schooner were lost and he was saved, that he would make his way here somehow. In these dangerous and uncertain waters one is easily made uneasy. Fortunately for us, the *Tiernan* was able to let us have some stores. Our salt beef was finished, and we were absolutely sickened of wild chickens shot by Ah Foo with the King's gun.

I had a little strip of coral dug out, got rotted leaves from under a tree, put them into the hole, and into this I emptied the half-decayed filth that was left in the onion basket. I should think I have nearly two dozen onions now growing finely. I have invented a salad for Louis of which he is extremely fond. In all these islands there is one cocoanut that has a sweet

board, so we might get a better effect by breaking his colours man-of-war fashion—this after the insulting letter and before what promised to be a very unpleasant interview.

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husk, used for cleaning the teeth. In Butaritari the baron often caused me great embarrassment by chewing a brush for me. This sweet nut when green has a little crisp portion at the stem end which I cut up and made into salad with oil and vinegar, or rather oil and lime-juice, as we have no vinegar. We have put out a bottle of sour toddy hoping to get vinegar from that.

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My diary ends here, abruptly; I had too much on my hands to find any further time for writing diaries, for Ah Foo fell ill, and I must be cook, purveyor, housemaid, and what not, as well as nurse. Ah Foo announced his illness (something alarmingly like diphtheria) in these words, "Me sick: no can work; no can cook—no good any more—more better you kill me, now," offering Louis, as he spoke, a large, keenly sharpened carving knife and his bared throat ready for the sacrifice. He was severely ill for some days, needing almost constant attention. His undisguised surprise that I would stoop to nurse a Chinaman was pathetic, and his gratitude afterward was sometimes shown in unexpected and embarrassing ways, as, for instance, when he insisted on shooting several men who waked me from an afternoon nap by singing Christmas songs beneath my window; or when he proposed to burglariously enter a trader's house to steal something for me that could not be procured otherwise.

Our black fellows pulled us across in splendid style, passing the King's returning messenger, who made a fine though unsuccessful spurt to catch up with us. As we rowed along the beach surprised cries of "Pani! Pani!" (Fanny! Fanny!) ran through the *moniaps* (native houses) where the King's wives were sitting. The King, looking older

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It seemed a rash thing to let the *Tiernan* sail away without us as we had finished, not only our own supplies, but the King's also. True, Mr. Lauterbach, the mate of the *Tiernan*, let us have several kegs of salt beef, and Reuben (which was the nearest we could come to pronouncing his name), the King's majordomo, had fetched three big hawkbill turtles from another island. The turtles were for the King's own larder, but he sent us a generous portion of each; we, of course, divided accordingly when we opened our kegs of beef. But these provisions would soon be finished, and if, as we each feared but dared not say, the *Equator* were lost, "cocoanut steaks" might become our sole diet. Indeed, I had packed the most of our belongings in some large camphor-wood chests ready to go on board, and we had even chosen our bunks when a picture of Captain Reid's face if he arrived to find us gone rose before my mind's eye. "Louis," I suddenly whispered, "I don't want to go." Without a question Louis immediately cancelled our passage and the *Tiernan* sailed away without us. Not many days afterward she capsized and sank in a very odd way. A heavy gale that had piled the sea up into enormous waves was followed by a dead calm. The *Tiernan*, lying quite helpless, was

and thinner, received us in the native fashion with no apparent astonishment. The presents were given, and then Lloyd and I left the party to get their explanations over, the King smoking his chibouk the while with great enjoyment, while the cartridge-belt hung over his shoulder.

We soon found the *moniap* of the harem and

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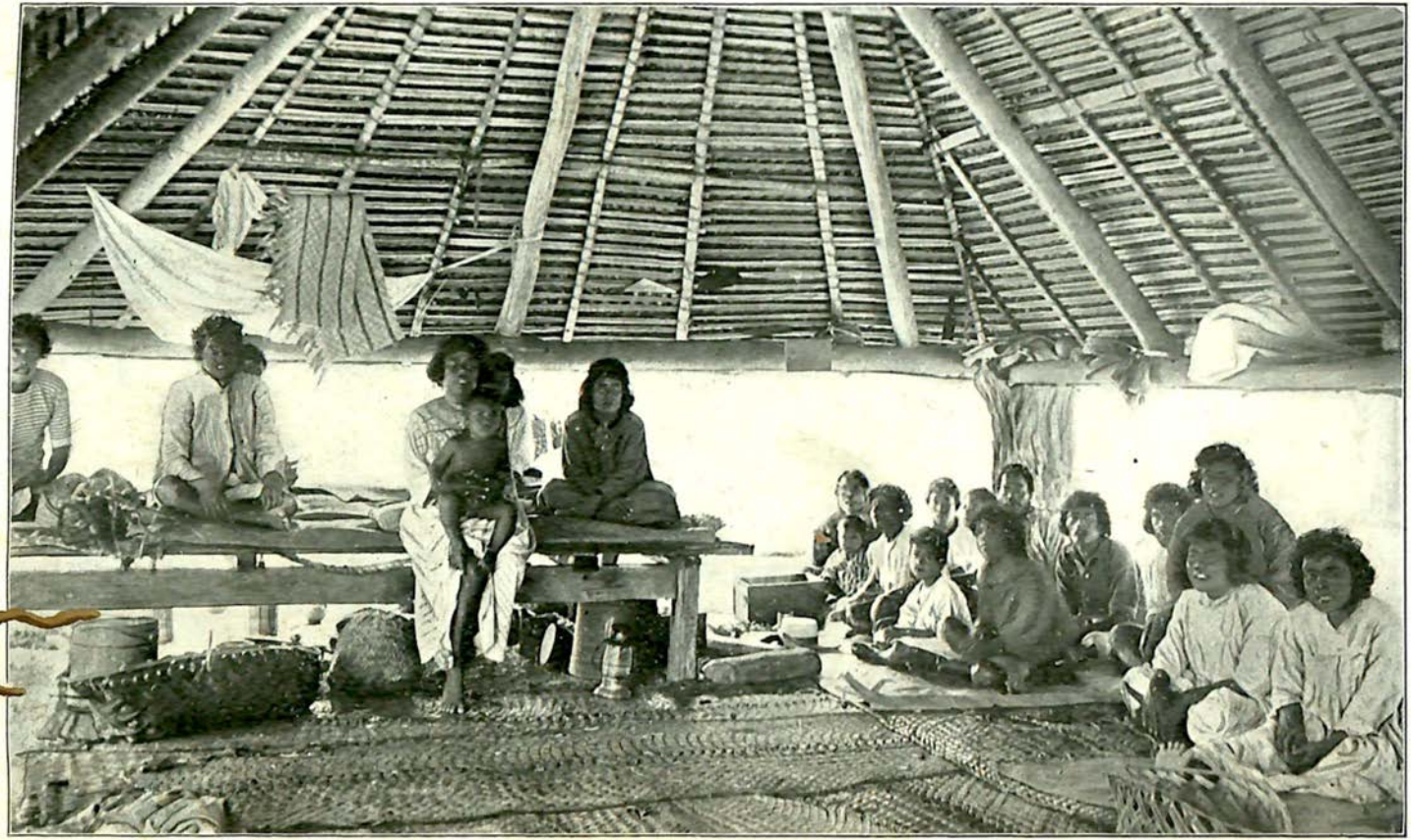
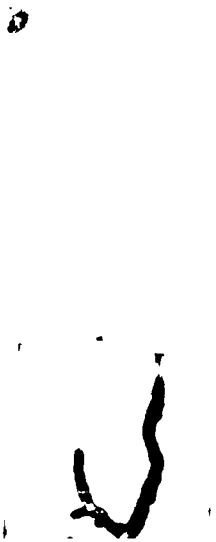
rolled over, further and further, until she "turned turtle" and sank. Years after the mate, Mr. Lauterbach, whom I had supposed to be drowned, came to see me in San Francisco. He, he told me, with some natives, managed to turn over a boat that floated out upside down from the schooner. With only the carcass of the ship's pet pig which they had picked up and what rain fell from the sky for sustenance, the boat went drifting off. I am not sure that they had an oar, but Mr. Lauterbach caught a native sleeping-mat that was floating on the water; the castaways took turns in holding up this mat, which thus served as a sail. They could not hope for a rescue in these unfrequented waters, so Mr. Lauterbach tried to work toward an inhabited island with only the position of sun and stars for guidance. When he did make land, after an incredible length of time to have lived without food or water, there were, as I remember, only himself, one man and a demented woman left living in the boat. None of our party, except, perhaps, Ah Foo, would have been able to endure such hardships—if, indeed, we had not gone straight down with the schooner—the most likely thing to happen. So it was as well that I asked to go back to our meagre fare to await the *Equator*.

sat down beside the King's mother. The women received us with fervent expressions of welcome and pleasure. We passed through several houses on our way, and in every one our attention was called to a "devil box" similar to one we bought from the medicine-man at Apemama, then the only one in the three islands. In the centre of the big *moniap* was a circular piece of "devil work" with a ring of sacred white shells about it. Tin Jack followed after us, and we got him to act as interpreter. It seems they have been suffering here severely with measles, though there were only four deaths, two men and two women. Children escaped with slight attacks, but grown people were very ill, the King himself being at one time very near death. The first question put to us by the women was concerning Louis's health; then what had we done with our devil box? I fear that our accidental reconversion of Butaritari to Christianity[1] has been offset by our having inadvertently strengthened these Apemamans in their heathen superstitions. A sick foreigner comes, is

[1] Butaritari had lapsed into heathenism when we arrived there, but, by showing a magic lantern which included some Bible pictures among the slides, we quite unconsciously reconverted the whole island, King and all.



Interior of the moniop of Tembinoka's harem



cured by means of a devil box manipulated by a "dog-star" (doctor), and naturally he desires to possess an article so valuable, going so high in his offers for it as the worth of a ton of copra. The foreigner is a very clever and learned man. "He savee too much," they say. And when measles falls upon the land the first thought is the devil box, and a praying place for devil worship is erected in the very centre of their *moniap*. I wish I could find out if they really worship the spirit of evil or whether, having been enlightened by the missionaries, they have not given their god that name. If the latter, how much better to have accepted their god and shown them where they had mistaken his attributes? And that reminds me that when I heard the people with the scaly disease on the other islands erroneously called lepers I wondered if that could have been the leprosy of the Bible that was miraculously cured. The darkest people turn quite white when covered with the scales.

But to return to Tembinoka, the King. Louis, fortunately, was able to clear up the misunderstanding caused, no doubt, by a white man, though the King loyally refused to give the name. Louis proposed that the King should apologise for the insulting letter, at which his Majesty looked very

black, indeed; but when Louis told him that under the same circumstances an English gentleman would certainly offer an apology, his countenance cleared, the apology was handsomely made and accepted, and so, all being well, the King proposed to go on board. We wished some of our party to be on the ship to break out the flag at the right moment, so hunted up our black boys who were filling bags with grass for the ship's sheep; Mr. Hird went off with them, and the rest of us begged permission to accompany the King, who invited us to ride out with him to his boat in the royal litter. I was told to get in first, then Lloyd, then Louis and Mr. Henderson together, and then his Majesty. The black boys passed us on the way with Mr. Hird, and afraid that the flag might be forgotten by some mischance, Mr. Henderson shouted: "Hird, elevate the royal bunting." That was because the King would have understood had he said: "Break the flag." The black boys put their elegant backs into it and were in time to send up the flag in fine style. Every one cried out in admiration; it could not have had a better setting than the "long, low, rakish black" steamer. The King, who steered his own boat, and was greatly pleased to learn that the Hawaiian King was a good sailor as well as himself, had been smiling

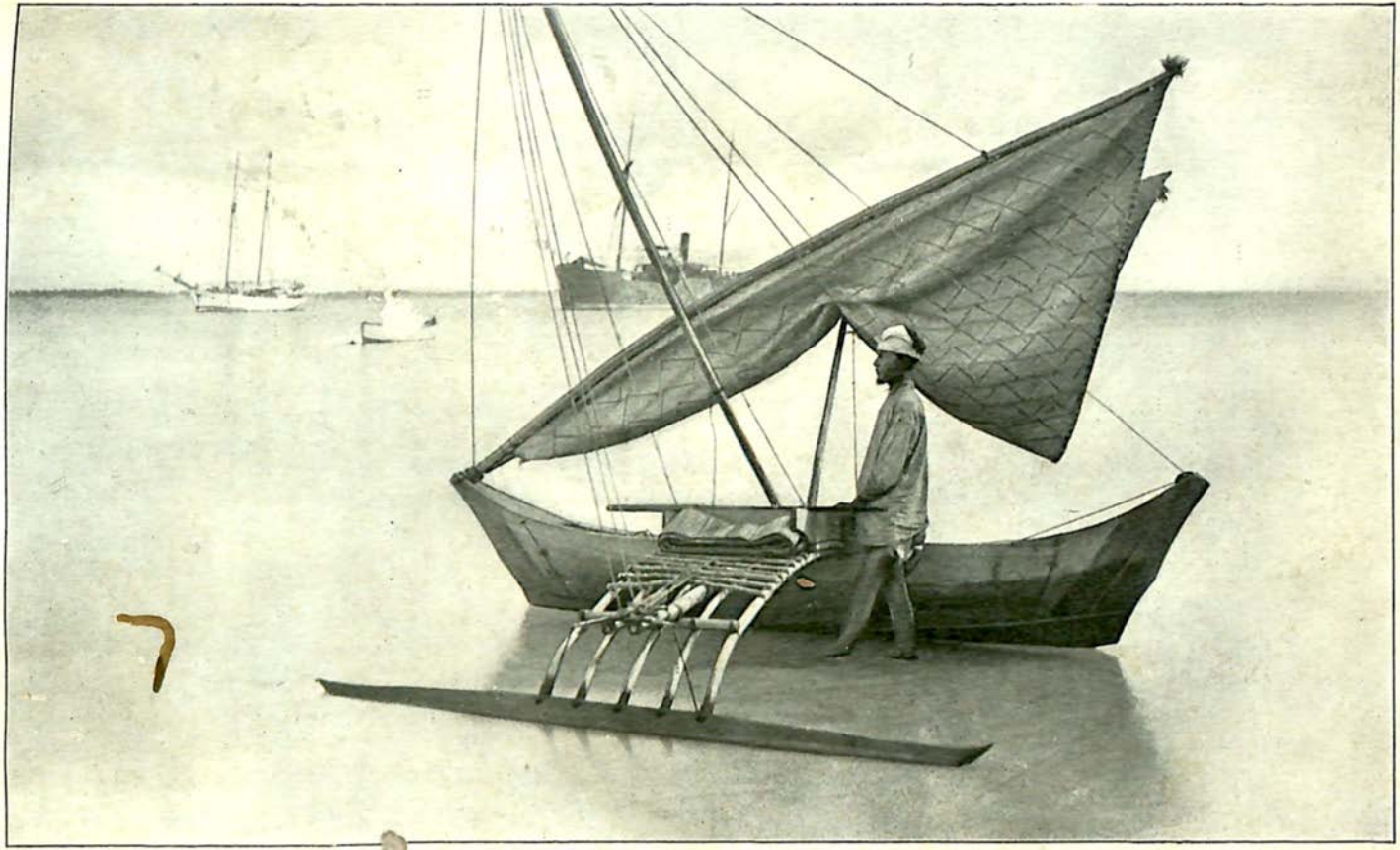
on Louis, and Louis on him, in the most melting way. He now directed his attention to the flag, and there was no doubt but the sight gave him the keenest gratification. We came down to the cabin, where "champagne was opened," and then Mr. Henderson left Louis and me alone with the King.

The moment that Mr. Henderson was gone the apathy that in these islands "doth hedge in a king" broke down. The dear old man clasped Louis in one arm and me in the other and kissed us and wept over us for joy. He told us how, day after day, he looked through his glass out over the sea pretending to himself that he could see us coming back. Sometimes, he said, he deluded himself so far that he beheld our very faces. This day he had been looking out as usual and was not surprised when our boat came near; he had seen it all like that before in his day-dreams. Suddenly he recognised a particular dress I wore that he had given me. "Then I felt like this," he said, making a gasping sound of surprise and emotion—"O-o-oh!"—and pressing his hand on his breast with a dramatic gesture. Often, he said, he made an errand over to his taro pits that he might look upon the place where our houses had stood. "I too much sorry," he said; "I want see you."

The time came to say good-bye until the *Janet* came back on her return voyage; the flag was hauled down and presented to the King, and he went off in his boat with a very depressed countenance.

Reuben is now called "the governor." As we were sitting at dinner some one said: "The anchor's coming up. There's a man at the port wants to speak to you, Mr. Stevenson." We all looked up, and there, grinning like an ape, was "Uncle Parker!" (Uncle Parker was a servant the King had lent us when we visited him before.) He thrust as much of himself through the port-hole as was possible, and we all climbed up and shook hands with him. He told us that there had been further trouble with the impudent cook, and in consequence the King had shot him. Louis gave Uncle Parker a magnificent gift of six sticks of tobacco. The King said he had sent us ten mats by Captain Reid. On this island is a house of refuge, an octagon to which criminals may run. I am told that the people have a system of palmistry.

17*th*.—Maraki. We stopped at the wrong settlement, and, as men were seen on the beach, Mr. Henderson sent a boat for them in case they wished to go on with us to the other settlement.



A Marshall Island canoe

One was a stranger, the other an old friend known as the "passenger."[1] We heard his meagre news and he heard ours, and drank stout with Louis and Lloyd. It was pleasant to meet him again. He expects to be in Samoa in a twelvemonth. Left the silk dress, "blackee coat," and other presents with him to forward to Maka and the Nan Toks, and I gave a gold ring to the Ha-

[1] We were forced to kidnap "the passenger," Paul Hoeflich, a very pleasant, agreeable German, when we were on the *Equator*. Mr. Hoeflich had taken passage on the schooner from Butaritari to another island, only a few miles distant, where he meant to start business as an independent trader. All his worldly goods, including the stuff for stocking his store, were on board the *Equator*. It was the beginning of the bad season, and we had continual contrary winds with heavy seas. In vain we cruised round and round his island—we could not make a landing. We were losing much time, so my husband informed Mr. Hoeflich that he must join us in a trip to Samoa, our next destination. It so fell out that Mr. Hoeflich, who had helped greatly to lighten the tedium of a long voyage in bad weather (we arrived at Apia in a somewhat wrecked condition, with one foretopmast gone), took an immense liking to Samoa and remained there instead of returning to the Gilberts. He has prospered exceedingly and blesses the day he was kidnapped. At this time, when we met him he had come back to the line islands for a final arrangement of his affairs preliminary to settling permanently in Samoa.

waiian missionary for his wife. This missionary expects to return to Honolulu on the *Morning Star* in company with Maka, so our presents will fall in at the right moment. Louis also sent one of his photographs to a young Hawaiian I met under peculiar circumstances when we were here before.[1]

[1] As we neared the end of our walk we came into quite a large village. The aspect of the people was more savage and ugly than we had heretofore seen, the faces brutal and unintelligent. Half-grown children, and, indeed, some more than half-grown, were entirely naked. The young boys were like little old men, their faces hard and their eyes haggard and anxious. I saw one with St. Vitus's dance, several with hydrocephalus, and a number who had affections of the eyes. Many of the little girls had their heads entirely shaved, with the exception of a small tassel at the nape of the neck which gave a very curious effect. The older ones wore their hair bushed out to a great size. Almost all wore necklaces of braided hair with an oval bit of red or white shell hanging to it like a locket. One haughty, impudent, fat young fellow, evidently a beau, swaggered about with a white handkerchief, twisted most ingenuously into a crown, on his head. Almost all of the women wore a girdle of flat, round beads (made of cocoanut shells) above the *ridi*.

As we walked along the village street the whole population joined us. We stopped at the sight of a church neatly made of wattled cocoanut leaves bearing at the peak of its front gable a belfry of braided leaves. There was actually a bell in this belfry which

We stayed a very short time, and then, with several sails set, took our way toward Jaluit. A sheep and a pig struck attitudes and dared each other to fight—a comical sight. Both were delighted when the strained situation was broken by a chance passerby. The black boys are playing cards in the

looked as though a breath would disperse it. The floor of the church is covered with mats, which are renewed each new year. A very odd thing was an arrangement of strings which, inside of the building, crossed each other with a sort of pattern just above a tall man's height. All along these strings, at regular intervals, strips of bright-hued calico were tied—I thought in an attempt at ornamentation, but was told it was for a game of the children. I should like to see the game played. Indeed, I do not believe it to be a game. (We found afterward that these decorations were for the purpose of propitiating "chinch," a terrible evil spirit—the devil, in fact.) We asked for the missionary; a fine-looking young Hawaiian came up to us, saluting us with the pleasant "*Aloha!*" His house was our appointed place of meeting with the captain. The missionary, we were told, was in council with the "old men."

This island is a republic governed by the "old men." To arrive at the distinction of being an "old man," one must be either very rich or have performed some prodigy of valour in war time. Accompanied by the Hawaiian, we wandered along to the Council House. The missionary looked extremely like a mixture of native and Chinese—a large, imposing man with a long,

forecastle. Mr. Hird and Foo-foo (black boy) sang in the evening.

18*th.*—Very hot weather. Our sails are still up, and one of the boats hanging over the side has its sail also set. It looks very odd.

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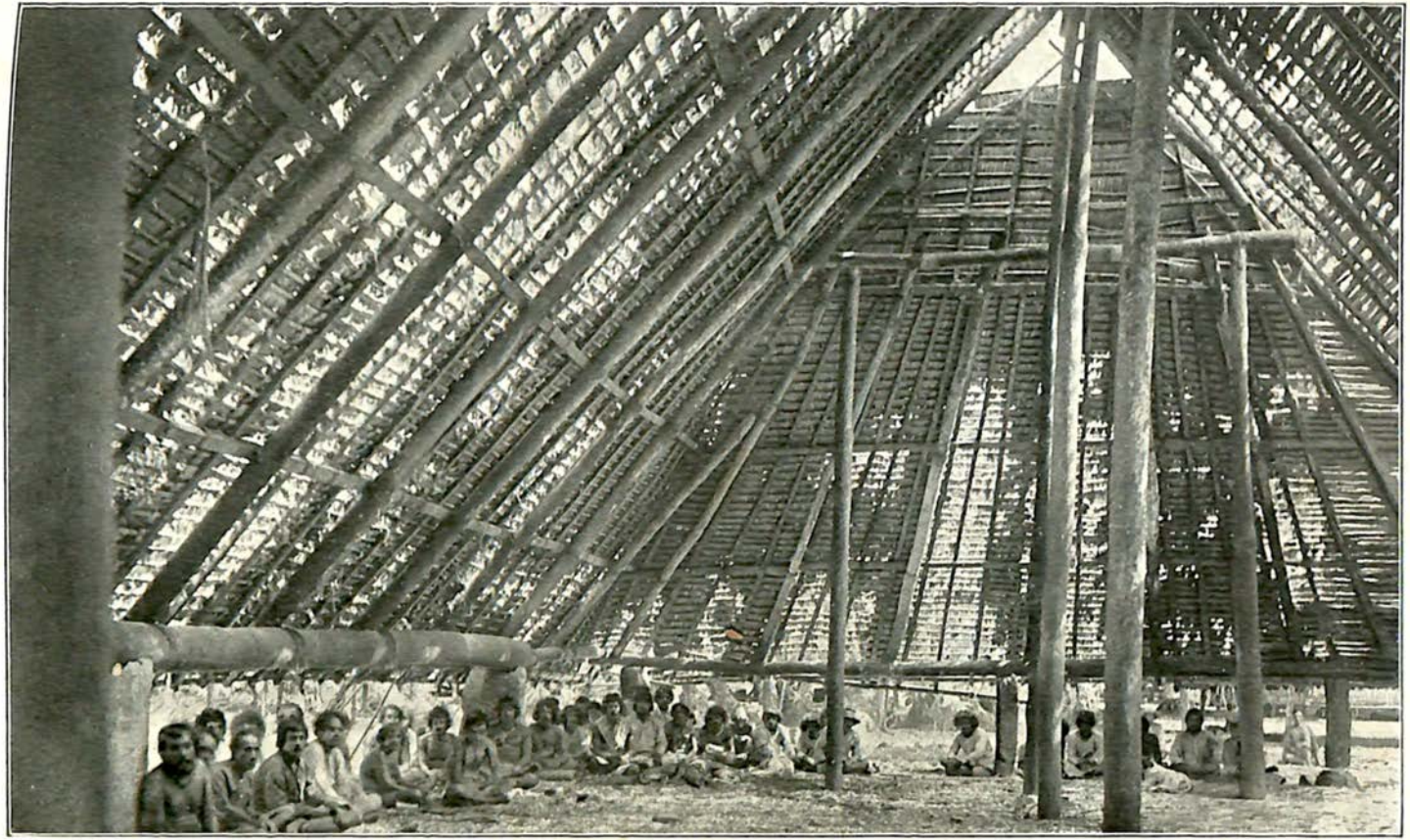
thin, white moustache and thick, grey hair. As we sat outside in the circle surrounding the Council House, conversing with the Hawaiian, it occurred to me that I might buy one of the cocoanut beaded girdles worn by most of the women. The Hawaiian turned to one of them and asked what she would take for her girdle; a dollar was the answer; at that I handed a half dollar and two quarters to the young man who, saying that it was too much, gave me back half the money. "They sell them for two fish-hooks," he said, "and this is simply extortion; however, as she has seen the money she will do her best to get it, so you might as well give her the half dollar." The exchange was made, and after a moment's confabulation with a crowd of her neighbours the woman demanded the other half dollar. At this the Hawaiian asked for the piece of money she had, took it, and gave back the girdle. In an instant the whole place was in an uproar. Men bounded up with furious gestures; the old men in the Council House shouted with threatening yells, while the Hawaiian, leaping to his feet, his eyes flashing like a cat's in the dark, defied them all. Fearful that harm might come to him after we were gone, I begged him to let me give the people whatever they might ask for, but he would not hear of it, and matters were the worse for my offer, as the people evidently understood it had been made. Finally, leaving the crowd in a state of ferment, we



Speak House, Island of Maraki

19*th.*—Jaluit, the German seat of government for the Marshalls. We could see the commissioner's house, painted a terra-cotta red, looking very pretty under the green trees. Went on shore, a blazing hot day. We were all dressed up for the

walked away with the Hawaiian to his very pleasant house, he entertaining us on the way with a list of the laws made that day by the "old men." They were as follows: "Dancing, one dollar fine; concealed weapons, five dollars; murder, fifteen; stealing, twenty-five, and telling a lie, fifty dollars." Pretty soon the crowd began surging round us; there was more furious talk, the Hawaiian looking very fine as he walked toward the mass of people, shaking his fists and, I am bound to say, interlarding his language with English oaths. When he had forced the crowd back by, I really think, the fire of his eye, he laughed in their faces contemptuously and turned to me translating the meaning of the scene. The "old men" had made another law, against him, placing him under tapu so that he could neither trade nor be traded with. I felt very miserable at being the innocent cause of so much trouble. He said he did not care a rush and meant to leave the island anyway. He had married a native of Maraki, bringing her home to visit her people, with whom she had proposed they should stop, but now, he said, she was as eager to go as he was. When we left he presented us with a girdle that he had somehow got hold of and his wife gave me a young fowl. I, very fortunately, had a handsome wreath of flowers on my hat which I took off and gave the wife. It was amusing to watch the dandy of the village, the haughty and insolent fat young man who

occasion, Louis with his best trousers, yellow silk socks of a very odd shape, knitted by his mother for a parting present, dirty white canvas shoes, and a white linen coat from the trade room that

had been too languid to see us before, trying to keep all speculation out of his eyes when I passed over the wreath. He could not do it. The red imitation currants held his gaze like fish-hooks.

We sailed away quite gaily from Maraki, fell into a calm, and had to turn and come back again, so had yet another day, and all together four, before we really got away. All the time, more or less, we were overrun by the traders, who came to beg drink and buy and sell.

We have now seen the South Sea "bad man" of the story-books, Peter Grant. He always comes with "Little Peter," a kindly, simple lad who has been on the island since he was thirteen and speaks excellent English with the native tossing and eyebrow lifting. (Little Peter died from poisoning some years after; it was supposed to be a murder.) Peter Grant is the most hideous ruffian I have ever beheld. The skin of his face has the quality of a burn scar and is crossed with wrinkles in places where no other human being has wrinkles. His forehead is narrow and retreating, his eyes very light, with a strange scaly look, not a pair in size, colour, or movement, and set too close together in a large, gaunt face. His nose, hooked at the end until it almost touches his upper lip, is unusually bony and is bent over to the left as though from a blow. His coarse-lipped, stupid mouth is creased with slashes like cuts. One of his unpleasant peculiarities is what Louis calls "crow's-feet between the eyes."

could not be buttoned because of its curious fit. It was hoped, however, that a gold watch and chain might cover all deficiencies. I wore a blue linen native dress, entirely concealed by a long

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The next to the last day at Maraki Lloyd and I went ashore with the captain, who had, as he said, "business to attend to" with a missionary. (The Hawaiian missionary who was to travel in the *Morning Star* with our dear Maka of Butaritari.) I knew the business had something to do with a tapu put upon Peter Grant some six months ago, but that a concerted attack was to be made upon the old missionary I did not suspect or I should never have gone. We were met by my friend the young Hawaiian, who accompanied us to the missionaries' house. There the best seat was offered me, all being received with dignified hospitality as they dropped in, one horror after another. Little Peter was appointed interpreter. The missionary was charged, first, with having instigated the natives to tapu Peter Grant. It was supposed he denied this, but in reality he did not. Head and shoulders above the rest he sat, a fine, massive figure, with impenetrable Chinese eyes, master of the situation. I only noticed once any sign of perturbation in him; that was when the head of the "old men" was brought in to be questioned. The missionary made a quick attempt to put the old man on his guard, but was instantly checked by a trader, who leaped to his feet and shook his fist in the missionary's face, ordering him to be silent. The missionary smiled contemptuously, but a thick sweat gathered upon his face and neck, his hands trembled slightly, and his great chest rose and fell, slowly and

black lace cloak, and on my head a black turban with a spotted veil. Our feet were certainly the weak point, my stockings being red and my shoes cut in ribbons by the coral. Not having gloves, I put on all my rings which flashed bravely in the

heavily. Feeling that to gaze upon him was an indelicacy, though I was doing so in sympathy and admiration, I made a slight movement to turn away; as though he knew my thought, the missionary suddenly looked me in the eyes with a charming smile, fanned me a moment with a fan that lay beside him, then handed me the fan with a bow.

Fortunately, the attempt to warn the "old man" had been enough, for he seemed idiotic in his apparent endeavours to understand what was wanted of him. The charge against the missionary then changed to theft. He was said to have stolen a murdered man's property. In answer to that he said: "Then place the affair in the hands of either the first man-of-war that comes to the group or the *Morning Star*," which is daily expected. The traders all cried out with fury at the mention of the *Morning Star*, and, all speaking at once, charged him with instigating the natives to all sorts of evil when he should be setting them a good example. For the first time he retorted, saying that the missionaries came only to try to make the people better, and that the only difficulty was the wickedness of the white men. I am sorry to say that I got the impression that there was something in danger of being discovered which would have been to the disadvantage of the missionary, but not exactly what the traders were looking for. They were too stupid to see that, and were

sun. On board ship our appearance caused a decided sensation and was considered most respectable, and reflecting great credit on the *Janet*. The commissioner received us at his door, offered us wine, and while we were drinking it in came

forced to come to a pause, having gained nothing. Both Lloyd and I had a distressed feeling that we might be confounded with their party in the mind of the missionary, but he reassured us with his eyes, and, pushing aside those in his way, shook hands with Lloyd and then with me. I held his hand and pressed it and said all that eyes and smile could manage.

As we went out of the house the missionary's wife made me a present of a fowl. The Hawaiian joined us as we passed his place and his wife ran out with another fowl. I had made up a little parcel for her, a red comb, a bead necklace, a bottle of fine scent, and a striped blue-and-white summer jersey, with a large silk handkerchief for her husband. The next day they, with their little daughter, came to pay us a visit on board, fetching with them three young fowls and a very fine, beautiful mat of a pattern I had not seen before. Louis was greatly pleased with my friends and promised to send the man his photograph. When he said good-bye, to our surprise he asked for Louis's card, which was a piece of civilisation we were not prepared for. We have touched at no island where there has not been at least one person we were sorry to leave and should be glad to meet again, though this was the only place where these friends were foreign to the land.

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Captain Brandeis,[1] a slender, sallow man with a small head and the most extraordinary eyes of glittering blackness which seemed to shrink from meeting one's gaze and yet to challenge it with a nervous defiance. He was pale, and I thought he was prepared for an unpleasant meeting with Louis; that wore off very quickly, and the two were soon deep in conversation, I talking twaddle with the commissioner that Louis might have the captain alone. Louis is fascinated by the captain and I do not wonder; but his eye is too wild, he is too nervous, and his nose is not to be depended on—a weak and emotional nose. A man, I should say, capable of the most heroic deeds, sometimes preternaturally wise, and sometimes proportionately foolish; a born adventurer, but never a successful one.

The commissioner showed me the "garden," an acre or so of high-island plants grown in foreign soil brought in vessels. The commissioner's room was decorated with trophies of native arms, armour, etc. He promised to have a native sailing chart made for Louis. These charts are very curious things, indeed, made of sticks, some curved, some straight, caught here and there by a small yellow cowry. The cowries represent islands, the

[1] A political refugee from Samoa.

sticks both currents and winds and days' sailing. The distances between the islands have nothing to do with miles, but with hours only. These charts are very little used now, only one old chief knowing how to make them, but the time was when each young chief must pass his examination in the charts, knowing them by heart, as they were never taken to sea but kept at home for reference and continual study. We lunched with the commissioner and, the steam-whistle calling us soon after, we went on board to start immediately for Majuro.

20*th*.—At Majuro early in the morning, a pearl of atolls. The lagoon, large and round, but not so large that we cannot distinctly follow the coast-line. At the entrance it is broken into the most enchanting small islets, all very green and soft, the lagoon clear and in colour like a chrysoprase. Mr. Henderson offered us a little house on the windward side, so we took our mats and blankets and a lantern with us in the boat. The house was the old "lookout" consisting of a single room with latticework running along two sides of the wall under the roof; this lattice served for windows. The door had a padlock so we could lock it as we came and went.

I had taken my paints with me and made a

little portrait of a native girl called "Topsy" by her white husband. She was a very small, very thin creature, greatly given to dress. She seemed to live with several other women in a sort of boat-builders' shed, where I would always find her, her thick hair shining with oil and carefully braided, a different head-dress for a different hour—her keys hanging below her rows of necklaces, busily employed at something or other; sometimes it was a necklace she was stringing on shreds of pandanus leaves, sometimes a new print gown she was cutting out with a most capable, businesslike air; or she might be feeding her monkey ("*monkaia*," she called it) or her gentle-eyed dog; or, most interesting task of all, sorting her possessions into order. She had two pretty large camphor-wood chests quite filled up with cotton prints, coloured handkerchiefs, and various accessories of the toilet. She dressed for the portrait in a gown of cheese-cloth drawn in at the waist by a white cotton belt edged with blue and white; the yoke of the bodice and the sleeves were trimmed to match, and the hem of the skirt was marked with a black braid. Her hair, smoothly drawn back over her little rabbit head, was ornamented by two bands worked in a design with beads, and her necklaces were innumerable. On one arm she

White trader and his wife "Topsy," Majuro Island

proudly showed me the word Majuro tattooed and on the other, Topsy. It seems that she was a castaway from another island, every other soul in the canoe being lost. She was absolutely ignorant, and when something was said about her heart, gravely assured us that she had no heart, being solid meat all through. Topsy sat for her portrait most conscientiously as though it were a photograph, not moving a hair's breadth, nor hardly winking. After each sitting she returned to exactly the same position. I tried in vain to make her take it more easily; when I talked to her (she knew half a dozen words of English) she responded with stiff lips, trying to speak without moving them. I took her a wreath which delighted her, and just before we left I came across a red silk bodice with a smocked yoke and embroidered cuffs; just the thing, I felt, for Topsy. The captain, Louis, and Lloyd were with me when I gave it to her. She instantly slipped off her upper garments, showing a very pretty little figure, and we all together robed her in the bodice. Topsy is quite a great lady with her female attendants, living in her boat-house, sleeping on her mat beside her two chests with her dog, and that rich possession the "*monkaia.*" Some one the captain knew took a large monkey to Savage Island, but the people

would not allow it to remain; it was, they said, derogatory to their dignity.

There are broad, well-kept walks on Majuro, and to cross the island to our cabin was like passing through a palm-house. When somebody remembered it, fresh palm toddy[1] was brought to us in the early morning, and once tea. Louis slept on shore with me one or two nights, and then, as it rained a good deal, it was judged better for him to remain on board. The next night I slept alone. At about two in the morning I waked with the consciousness that some one was in the room besides myself. I peered about without moving and saw two native men who moved into the moonlight so I could see them distinctly. I said, "Who's there? What do you want? Get away with you!" in the gruffest voice I could assume, and after a few moments' hesitation, they made off. One evening, while Louis still slept in the lookout, quite late, the room became filled with a peculiar and pleasant fragrance. For some time we could not make it out, but it finally occurred to us that it was the scent of pandanus nut. Some native, overcome by curiosity, must have crept to the house

[1] Fresh palm toddy tastes like sweet champagne and is very wholesome; sour or fermented toddy is quite another thing.

so softly that we did not hear him, but the pandanus he had been chewing betrayed him. As they all seemed to think that I should not stop alone so far away, Lloyd came over and slept on Louis's mat. Some of the pandanus nuts here I like very much; they are juicy and of fragrant, tart flavour like a good apple.

One day while I was talking to Topsy at her door, the monkey being fastened by a long, light chain to a tree close by, a girl fell down in a fit. Her head struck a woman's lap, but the woman hastily thrust her off so that she lay, half smothering, face down, in the sand. She sniffed, and moaned, and clicked her teeth together, but neither frothed at the mouth, nor protruded her tongue, as I supposed people did in fits. Not a soul moved to help her, but "*monkaia*" leaped on her head like a demon and began biting and plucking at her hair and face. I tore him off with difficulty, the men and women standing by quite helpless with laughter. I had to threaten a woman with physical violence before she would drag the girl away from the monkey while I held the brute. The next morning, while I was painting at Topsy's portrait, the girl who had the fit sat on the floor beside me watching the process. My bottle of oil and a basket of coral just given me were standing be-

tween the legs of the easel. Suddenly the girl lurched forward, upsetting the bottle of oil, and had a fit with her face in the basket of coral. The instinct of saving property brought Topsy to my aid this time, however, and together we dragged the girl to a safer position.

One afternoon I asked the name of a particularly bright-looking girl who came to visit the ship. "Neel," was the reply. "How did she get that name?" I asked. "Oh, it came in this way: She was a sharp little child, and some white man said she was sharp as a needle, so they called her needle." Neel is the nearest they come to pronouncing it. I was told that Neel was a capital mimic and actress. I made an offering of a wreath and she agreed to give me an example of her skill if all the white men went away. First, she said (Johnny, a half-caste, interpreting), she would represent a well-known native woman, with an impediment in her speech, on a visit to a neighbour; immediately her round, fat face twisted itself into a thousand wrinkles, and her thick, protruding lips became pinched and thin, on one side lifted like a harelip. She spoke like a person with a cleft palate, very garrulously, making polite inquiries about different members of the family she was supposed to visit, but never waiting for an

answer. After this impersonation she assumed a prim air and, with a dry, nipping precision of speech, and neat little persuasive gestures, gave us a bit of an English missionary's sermon. The voice was a man's voice, and the English accent in speaking the native words perfect. Had I not been aware that the girl was speaking, I should have felt certain I could pick out the man by his face; I knew it, and his figure, and his umbrella.

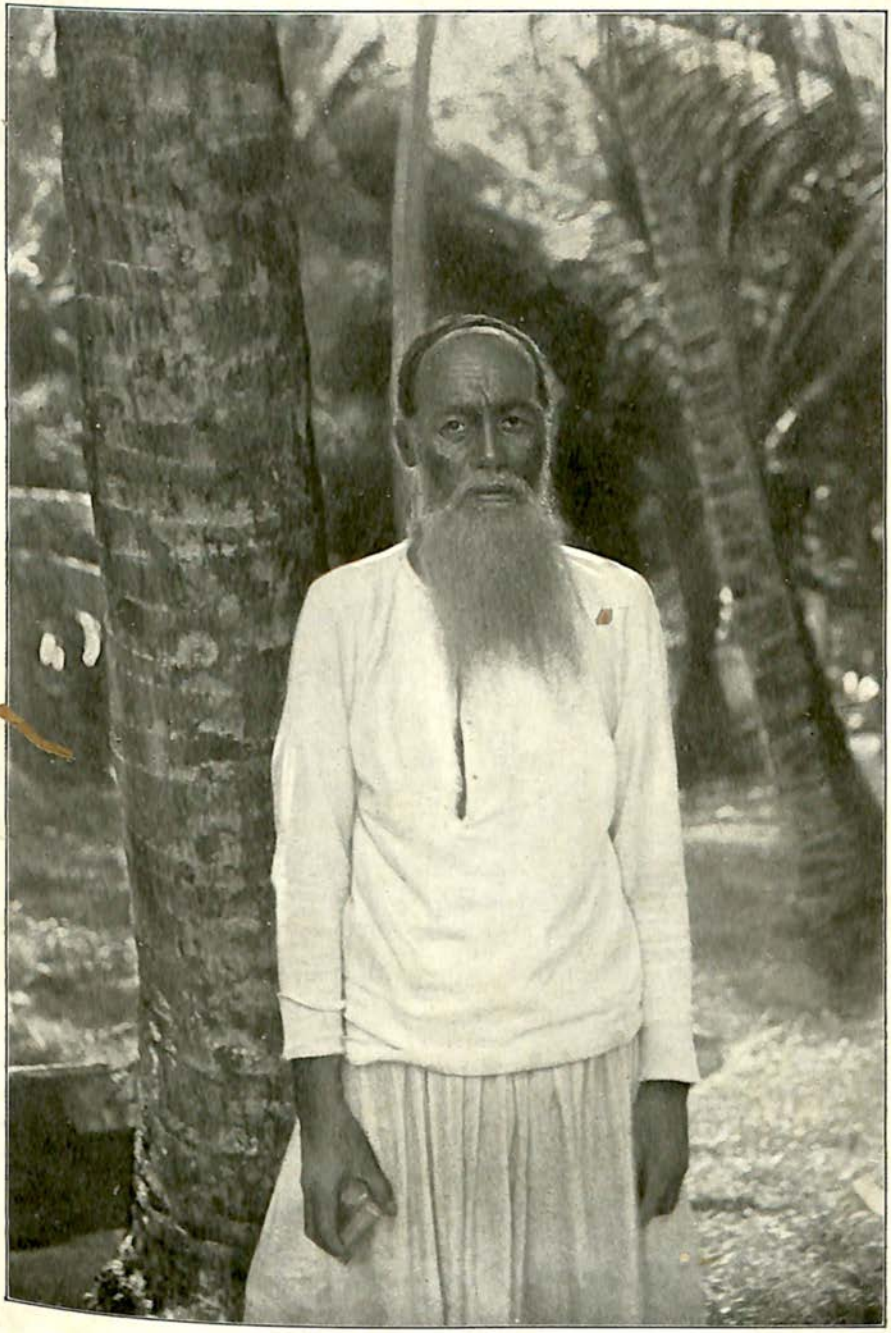
I am told they go in for "devil work" here; they call it "bu-bu," which reminds one of the negro word. When their old witch women (they are always old) wish to lure a vessel to destruction they run up and down the beach shouting their incantations, waving, as they run, a long stick with a red rag on the end. A man whose vessel was wrecked on these islands told me that as the ship neared the rock where they struck they could distinctly see an old woman rushing along the beach waving her red rag.

A Mr. R——— told Lloyd that in New Ireland he had had a similar experience to that of Tom Day. A man had attacked him, and he had said to the bystanders: "I'll give an axe for that man's head." The next morning he discovered the head stuck on his gate-post. He said he had often

bought victims set apart to be eaten for ten sticks of tobacco. If he paid up honourably, the natives were honourable in return, and never after molested his man.

One evening I stopped at Mr. M———'s to wait while some one went on board for my key, which I had forgotten. Tin Jack, who was there, promptly presented me with a fine piece of stag-horn coral belonging to our host, following up the coral with presents of elaborately worked mats, some of which he gave in his own name and some in Mr. M———'s, until he had made me the embarrassed recipient of four. The captain, who dropped in, was also requested to make choice of a pair of the best. Poor Mr. M———, feeling that it would be more graceful to give his own presents, then offered me a curious fish preserved in a bottle which Mr. Hird, much to my distress, scornfully refused on my behalf as a present "unfit for a lady."

The Marshalls seem a very damp, rainy group of islands, but, in consequence, breadfruit grows on most of them, and bananas on many. We had expected to fill up with copra at Majuro, but measles has been ravaging the islands. The King himself, whom we had wished greatly to see, old Jebberk, lay dying and tapued to whites. Two



Kaibuke—one of the kings of Majuro

other Kings came to visit us on the vessel, both very fine, intelligent-looking men. One was dressed in a mat breech-clout and a comical red shirt or jacket, and had his hair done up on the top of his head Japanese fashion. The other wore a red-and-blue-figured petticoat, very full at the waist, where it was gathered in with native cord. Around his neck he had a pink shell necklace, and his hair was done in the same high knot as affected by the first King. We had finished luncheon when the last king came, so he had his alone spread at one corner of the table. I gave him a wreath, of the best, for his queen; he admired it greatly, and examined it over and over. Finally he turned to me saying, "What you want?" pointing to the wreath. He meant to ask what would I like for a return present. I said "Nothing," which was a mistake, afterward cleverly rectified by Louis. The King asked through an interpreter how long it would be before the *Janet* sailed, as all his things were at his own village, and he wanted to get some mats for me. Louis replied that we were sailing almost immediately but that when we returned we would be most happy to receive his present. This proved satisfactory, and the King was put at his ease.

24*th*.—Left Majuro.

26*th*.—Again at Jaluit. Went to see the com-

missioner, where we found our island charts awaiting us. Louis and the commissioner and Captain Brandeis tried to make out the names of the islands by comparing the charts with our European map, but failed; a man who had been thirty years in the islands was consulted, and afterward a native, but still they were baffled. It was finally settled that the thirty-year resident should see the maker of the charts (now absent) and get a complete key to be sent to Samoa. Lloyd bought some German beer, which is excellent, and I bought two jars of sweeties, a couple of Pleasant Island baskets, several pieces of tortoise-shell, and some abominable sausages. The commissioner gave me two shells and Captain Brandeis gave me a lovely one, also a black mother-of-pearl shell, such as the Gilbert Islanders use for trade.

Left the same day, towing out a schooner.

27*th*.—Arrived at Namorik. Louis went on shore and met a wicked old man who afterward appeared in the "Beach of Falesa."

28*th*.—First thing in the morning at Ebon; anchored in the passage nearly opposite the wreck of the *Hazeltine*, American schooner. Left early in the afternoon.

July 1*st*.—Arrived Apiang, lay outside. Louis ill. Captain Tierney came off in a canoe. No copra.

The missionaries in power and a general tapu. On to Tarawa.

3*d*.—Aranuka, one of Tembinoka's islands. Louis still ill. He was lying in his bunk when the King and his people came on board. A pleasant-faced man, who, with the rest, was shaking hands with me, asked for Louis. I said he was ill, whereupon he demanded to be taken at once to the sick man. I guessed that he was a medicine-man. Louis said he stood beside his bed, with the gently soothing, insinuating, professional manner of the European practitioner, asking his symptoms and very anxious to know if there was a "dog-star" in Samoa.

A little later a soft hand tapped me on the shoulder; I turned—it was the King, Tembinoka himself, smiling and holding out both hands to me. He looked much better and was greatly concerned at Louis being ill. Mr. Henderson is going to take the King's boat back to Apemama for him with his harem and court.

4*th*.—Got under way at eight o'clock with about two hundred deck passengers—all the King's wives and body-guard and retainers generally—and steamed down to Apemama flying the royal ensign at the main truck. The whole ship, every plank of her, covered at night with sleeping na-

tives. Among the rest were babies and three dogs, the latter with strange, glassy, white eyes. The King's favourite wife had a snub-nosed puppy, which, when it became restless and whined, she put to her breast and suckled. All the head women had their devil boxes, taking the greatest care of them. They consulted me about ours through every interpreter they could find. They always referred to the box indirectly; the interpreter would be told first to ask if I had not carried away from Apemama something very precious. Upon my answering that I had, questions were then put as to its whereabouts, etc. Louis and I were talking to the King on a different matter in which the escape of hissing steam was mentioned. His Majesty jumped to the conclusion that we were speaking of the devil box, and assured us that we need feel no alarm when the shell inside (representing the devil, Tiaporo) made a noise. We had only to give it a very small bit of tobacco and that would settle him. He thought it a good sign, and that the shell was in proper mediumistic order when Tiaporo was noisy, though he confessed it would be better if we had a "dog-star" handy. A quarter of an hour later all the King's women were in a state of ferment concerning our devil box, the news of Tiaporo's behaviour causing the most excited comments.

Harem and little son of King Tembinoka on board the "Janet Nichol," passing from Aranuka to Apemama

The getting on board of the people was a wild affair of noise and confusion. Boat after boat was unladen, and piles of the most extraordinary household goods blocked up every space that should have been kept clear; at least twenty-five large zinc pails came from one boat. There were sewing-machines, large rosewood musical boxes, axes and spades, cutlasses, unwieldy bag pillows, every conceivable sort of bag and basket, cocoanut shells of toddy syrup, and shells of water; old nuts, new nuts, every sort of nut; also large packages of the native pudding (giant taro pounded up with pandanus syrup and cocoanut milk, baked underground in taro leaves), and piles of neatly done up sticks of what we call sweet sawdust, made of the beaten pandanus nut. There were camphor-wood chests of every size, and mat packages without end. One woman was trying in vain to find a place for her ear piercer, a stick of hard, black seaweed, some two feet long, tapering from the circumference of a couple of inches in the middle to a smooth, sharp point at either end; round each side of the centre, where it was intended the hand should grasp it, was a ring of yellow feathers worked with human hair; these looked just the same as the royal Hawaiian feathers—also those on the peace spears I got at Savage Island—but I have never seen the bird that produces them.

Our black boys are almost insane with excitement and "Tom Sawyered" to such a degree, showing off before the court ladies, that it was a wonder and mercy none were killed. When they were raising the boats to the davits, Louis said they were upside down more often than not, doing herculean feats of strength. The harem ladies were gathered together aft and a tapu placed round them. Ladies of a lower station found what places pleased them best and had a much gayer time than the great ones, for the black boys sang, and danced, and shouted with merriment the whole night through. The very old ladies of high rank—the King's mother, hopelessly drunk on gin, which she carried everywhere with her, the King's aunt, and one or two others—spent the night on the captain's bridge. The people all showed the utmost affection for us, our old friend and servant "Snipe" in particular. ("Snipe" was one of three slave girls lent us by Tembinoka when we lived at Apemama, in Equator Town. The other two we called Stodge and Fatty.) She would seize every opportunity to get beside me, when she would smooth my hair, fondle my hands, and alternately put her arm round my waist and poke me in the ribs with her elbows, giggling sentimentally the while.

Quite late at night Uncle Parker sneaked down to the saloon and squatted on the floor with a kindly grin. He was not in the least surprised nor offended when Louis hustled him out. I had not had the heart to do it myself, as I should.

Among the rest of the people was a man who had known us in Butaritari; he gave us full news of our Cowtubs[1] there. Tembinoka's governor, whom we had known as Reuben, who now says his name is Raheboam, begged that I would speak to the King and ask that he might go away with us. I assured him that it would be useless; the King could not afford to part with a man of his talents and acquirements, which is quite true. In the forecastle were the unfortunate exiles of Peru, among them our "Boat's crew" looking very pretty and pert but grown no larger. Some years ago, I do not know how many, a large party of the natives of Peru, thinking to see the world, bought return tickets from the Wightman line to one of the other islands. They were warned that they must take their chances of a schooner going back to their own place. No schooner did; but they were carried on from island to island, each trip getting a little nearer home. The boy called "Boat's crew" had been a servant of ours at

[1] Retainers.

Apemama, one of their halting places. They are to be taken on to Nanouti, a station so much the nearer home. An old man who was anxious to die on his native soil is still living and looks a hundred years old, his head entirely bald except for a tuft at the nape of his neck.

5th.—At Apemama, landing the court. Tin Jack had to sell a pet canoe he was taking to his station to the King, who insisted on having it. It cost five dollars and the King gave twenty for it; so, as a commercial speculation, it was no loss. When the King came on board this morning he laid a fine mat on my lap.

Later a great wailing arose from the forward deck. A woman who had taken possession of another woman's husband was being sent away with her people of the Peru party, and conceived it her duty to have an attack of nerves. She did not do it so well as they manage in France, but it was of the same order, and reasonably creditable. Her hysterical kicking and choking cries, when held back by her companions from drowning herself, was the most effective part of the performance. She soon gave it up, probably because of the lack of interest shown by the bystanders.

In the evening we had a farewell dinner with

Dance at Apemama

Tin Jack, champagne, toasts, speeches, etc. At night a party went on shore with fireworks; Mr. Henderson answered with a display from the ship. As I was watching them I overheard a conversation between a white fireman and our cook about the dangers of the land. "Why, one of my mates," said the fireman, "got lost in the bush once, and it was a whole day before he got a drink of water. I wouldn't take the chance of that for all the money you could give me." I reminded him that wrecked sailors had been known to suffer from thirst; he had never thought of that, he said, but anyhow it didn't seem the same. The fireworks were very successful, and I think pleased our black boys more than any one else. The ship rang with their shouts and musical, girlish laughter. All afternoon they had been scraping the ship's sides under water; it looked very odd to see them kicking like frogs and working at the same time; yet, after all this, they were ready for more dancing and songs. Louis and I agreed that we would willingly pay a high price for only Sally Day's superfluous energy to use at our discretion. All these men are from cannibal islands, but do not like that fact referred to. When Mr. Hird teases them about it they declare they were mere infants when they were taken away and can re-

member nothing about the savage customs of their people.

6th.—Off Apemama, our black boys lying in a row under the awning, one reading the Bible (it was Sunday) and another playing hymns on an accordion. The King took breakfast with us, and we bade him good-bye, not so sadly as before, because now we have some hope of seeing him again.

7th.—Nanouti first thing in the morning. Went on shore after breakfast to "Billy Jones's cousin's" place where British colours were flying. Tin Jack wished to be photographed in his new place in the midst of his new surroundings, so we had the camera with us. Lloyd and I wandered about and were astonished at the number of houses we saw piled up with dried cocoanuts not yet made into copra. We were told that a famine was feared and these nuts were stored as provisions. Speaking of provisions, we were struck by the difference in the condition of our Piru friends since we were fellow passengers with them on the schooner *Equator*. Then they were in the most abject poverty, hardly a mat among them, no food, only a few shells of water and a few old nuts. When we took them off Apemama they came as rich people, with bundles of fine mats, stacks of "sawdust" food and dried

pandanus fruit (very good, tasting like dried figs) and quantities, generally, of the best food produced in Apemama. The people all have cotton-print clothing as well as fine *ridis* and baskets full of tobacco with plenty of pipes.

While Lloyd and I were walking about in Nanouti, Tin Jack went back to the ship quite oblivious of the fact that we were left prisoners on account of the tide, for the entire day. When we arrived we had to take down part of the wall of a fishing ground to land at the house. We left the ship at ten and were tired, hungry, and very cross at being so deserted. Lloyd finally went off to try and find a canoe, hoping to reach the ship in that way and get something for me to eat. I had got very wet in crossing the surf in our own boat and was dressed in a filthy gown and chemise lent me by a native woman. I asked for a dry gown when I arrived and the woman gave me one she had cast off; I did not know what to do, as it was quite transparent, so I had to stay in the inner room. Tin Jack, hearing of this, demanded a chemise for me. The woman removed the one she was wearing, in a dark corner, folded it up, and then pretended to take it out of a trunk which she opened for the purpose. After this piece of either pride or delicacy I felt bound to put it on. As

my head ached, I lay down on a mat, with an indescribably filthy pillow under my head, and tried to sleep. The people of the house, some twenty in number, came in every few moments to look at me; if the children made a noise they were smacked, thereupon bawling loudly enough to raise the roof, and occasionally a crowd of outside children would be beaten from the house with howls and yells. I never saw so much "discipline" administered before in any of the islands. Outside my window a child was steadily smacked for crying for at least half an hour. I actually did fall asleep once, but was quickly awakened by a savage dog fight just under where I lay, the house standing high on piles. This house, belonging to the trader, was one of the best I had seen, containing four rooms separated by stockades, with a lofty, airy roof, while along the shady side ran a neat veranda. The whole house was tied together with sennit the sides and ends thatched as well as the roof.

Lloyd, having searched for about an hour and a half, had found a canoe, and a native willing to take him off for the high price of ten sticks of tobacco. In the meantime, Tin Jack, awakening to a sense of the enormity of his behaviour, had despatched another canoe from the ship with some

sandwiches, a tin of sardines (useless with no tin opener), and a bottle of stout without a corkscrew. When Lloyd discovered this, he would not wait a moment, but tried to get back to me. In spite of all he could do, he was landed in the surf some two miles short of where I was. He struggled along the reef, sometimes knocked down by the surf and most of the time up to his armpits in water. He had on shoes of leather which became water-logged, and the nails, coming loose, tore the soles of his feet, adding to the difficulty of walking. He also cut his ankle on the reef and grazed his leg, both serious things to have happen here. (A scratch from dead coral is apt to cause blood-poisoning and is greatly feared. The captain of a man-of-war was said to have lost his leg in this way.) There was also the fear in his mind that, thinking he had landed, I might have given my leavings to the natives. I really cannot imagine why I did not; I several times made a movement to do so and then something distracted my attention. It was quite dark before the ship's boat could get in for us, and very chill. Tin Jack, most eager in his apologies, had a bad quarter of an hour.

A cat, I hear, has been added to our ship's company. At Majuro a man who had been shipwrecked there, and was taken on board the *Janet* for

Sydney, had a pet cat. One of the sailors found her swimming round the ship trying to climb up the steep sides. An oar was put out for her and she climbed in, almost drowned.

I begged a fish from one of the black boys, and with a nut, a pinch of cayenne pepper, an old dried lemon, and some sea water, I made "miti" sauce and gave Louis a nice dish of raw fish for his dinner. He relished it very much, and ate all I prepared.[1]

[1] Raw fish may seem a strange delicacy for a sick man, but, properly prepared, there is nothing better than fresh raw mullet. I first learned this in Tautira, a lovely native village on the "wild side" of Tahiti. My husband was alarmingly ill with pneumonia, and had sunk into a state of coma. There was no way to reach civilisation except by means of our yacht, the *Casco*—and the *Casco* was gone to Papeete to have her masts repaired. Crushed by this catastrophe I was gazing stupidly out over the village green, trying to gather my wits together, when my attention was distracted for a moment by the spectacle of a tall, graceful, native woman entering the house of the chief of Tautira, amid the acclamations of a great crowd. I vaguely remembered that for many days there had been preparations making for an expected visit from Moe, "the great princess." In about half an hour there was a tap at our door; there stood Moe with a plate of raw fish prepared with miti sauce. Speaking perfect English, she told me that she had heard there was a sick foreigner in the village whose wife was troubled because he would

8th.—Remained all day and left at night. A long reef, and much trouble in getting Tin Jack's things clear of the ship. Heard the labour brig *Cito* had been landing rifles and cartridges. Tin

not eat, so, she said, she had made this dish herself, and if we could only get him to taste it he would eat more, and convalescence would follow immediately. At first Louis turned his head to one side wearily without opening his eyes, but by the advice of the princess I slipped a morsel between his lips; to my surprise he swallowed the bit, then another, and finally opened his eyes and asked: "What's that?" Several times a day the princess came with her plate of fish and miti sauce, which was soon eagerly watched for and devoured by my invalid, and within the week Louis had so far recovered as to be able to walk over to the chief's house, where we took up our abode with him and Moe.

The raw fish, as prepared in Tahiti, instead of being revolting in appearance, as one might imagine, is as pleasing to the sight as to the taste. The fresh white meat of the mullet is cut into neat little strips about half an inch wide and a couple of inches long and laid side by side on a plate—of course it is carefully freed from skin and bones—and covered with miti sauce. Miti sauce is made of milk pressed from cocoanut meats (an entirely different thing from the refreshing water of the green drinking nut), mixed with about one third the quantity of lime-juice, a few tiny bits of the wild red pepper, and a little sea water. This sauce seems to cook the fish, which takes on a curdled look, and curls up a little at the edges as though it had just been boiled.

Jack gone; he left late in the afternoon, the boat taking him to the reef, where we could see him being carried over it on a native's back. There were still fifty bags of copra to come on board; these were packed out to the boat on the backs of natives and our black boys. Mr. Henderson gave Tin Jack two black pigs and a very fine, handsome mat; I gave him a supply of medicines carefully labelled, and a pillow with an extra case. When we left we blew the steam-whistle in farewell, burned a blue light, and let off two rockets, to which he responded with a rocket from the shore. One of our rockets was let off by the captain (who is quite ill) on the bridge. It shot at us and fire was sputtering all about the bridge, to our terror. A woman has been following me about all day trying to get me to adopt her little half-caste boy. She tried to bribe me with a mat, which in the end she gave me as a present. I gave her a bottle of scent. Everybody bargaining for shells, even the black boys and Mr. Stoddard, the engineer. When the boat returned from landing Tin Jack it brought me from him an immense spear, very old and curious.[1]

[1] Tin Jack came to a sad end. He possessed a certain fixed income, which, however, was not large enough for Jack's ideas, so he spent most of the year as a

9*th*.—Peru. I am disgusted by the apathy of our exiles. Except one woman, they did not even raise their heads to look on their native land. There was no excitement, no appearance of interest. The Samoan missionary and friends of his, all well-dressed, superior-looking people, came on board. The missionary demanded, in a high and mighty way, that paper, and envelopes, and pen and ink be brought him. Lloyd was working the type-writer to my dictation, which amused them all extremely. Mr. Clark, the missionary from Samoa, has just been here. To our disappointment we have missed him by only twenty-four hours. He

South Sea trader, using the whole of his year's income in one wild burst of dissipation in the town of Sydney. One of his favourite amusements was to hire a hansom cab for the day, put the driver inside, and drive the vehicle himself, calling upon various passers-by to join him at the nearest public house. Some years ago when Jack was at his station he received word that his trustee, who was in charge of his property, had levanted with it all. Whereupon poor Jack put a pistol to his head and blew out what brains he possessed. He was a beautiful creature, terribly annoying at times, but with something childlike and appealing—I think he was close to what the Scotch call a natural—that made one forgive pranks in him that would be unforgivable in others. He was very proud of being the original of "Tommy Hadden" in the "Wrecker," and carried the book wherever he went.

has gone, they say, to Apemama, to try and persuade the King to allow them to land a missionary. I think he will not succeed. The King fears the power missionaries get over the people. The traders have also been on board, the braggart Briggs and a Mr. Villiero from the Argentine Republic. Mr. Villiero's father was Italian, his mother Tyrolese. He seems an intelligent, pleasant fellow, and I talked a long time with him. A few years ago, he tells me, a man died on this island who was once secretary to Rajah Brooke. He asked to bring his wife and his adopted daughter, a half-caste Tahitian named Prout, to see me.

I was talking to the two traders to-day when Briggs said that he used to carry the lepers from Honolulu to Molokai. "Did he know Father Damien?" I asked. After much searching in his memory, at last he said he did. "A Catholic priest he was, who seemed to be all right when I knew him, but some pretty ugly stories have come out about him since in Honolulu, I understand." I gave them Louis's pamphlet without a word more.

The tides very low; there is a good deal of copra here, and our black boys worked last night until two in the morning, and to-night they expect to be up still later. One of the black boys is ill with a sore throat, headache, and diarrhœa. We gave him

some castor-oil and laudanum, not knowing what else to do. The captain very weak, indeed, with intense headache, sickness, and an intolerable burning in his stomach. There is an odd dryness of his skin, not like fever. He has taken no nourishment but barley-water for days. Louis is better, the hæmorrhage having stopped.

10*th.*—Still lying off Peru. Mr. Hird came back yesterday with a sickening account of the man Blanchard who was supposed to be implicated in what was called "the Jim Byron poisoning case." Blanchard has contracted some terrible disease which makes it necessary for him to lift up his eyelids with his fingers when he wishes to look at one, and has swelled his nose to a monstrous size. Blanchard is, he says, an American, and when he first met the man, some years ago, had some pretentions of being a gentleman, but has now fallen to a state of degradation that is horrible. Blanchard spoke of the murder and confessed that he knew it was to be done and that he was there when it was done.

11*th.*—Still at Peru at ten o'clock P. M. Mr. Villiero has come on board with his wife, a handsome young woman, to whom I gave a wreath, some lollies for the children (all adopted, her own being dead), and a piece of lace. A little later Mr.

Hird brought in several traders and gave them luncheon.

Lifting anchor.

12*th.*—Left Peru last night, arriving at Noukanau this morning. We carry with us a native man, as an exile, to this island. The Samoan native missionaries told their people that for certain crimes it was allowable to kill the offender. Such a case occurred, and the guilty person, who richly deserved his fate, was put to death. Then the native missionaries said that the taking of life called for capital punishment. Fortunately, at this juncture, a white missionary from Samoa appeared in the missionary ship, and it was arranged that the avenger be exiled for an indefinite period. As this man has large possessions in Noukanau, it is to be hoped that he may not experience much discomfort. He is a fine-looking, respectable man of early middle age and had his family with him.

The ship all morning has been filled with crowds of natives (among them the inevitable leper with elephantiasis), all chattering like monkeys. I have bought from them three pronged shark's-tooth spears, one for a striped undershirt, the other two for a couple of patterns apiece of cotton print. I also bought a mat with rows of openwork running through it, just like hemstitching, and for a

florin I got an immense necklace of human teeth. A little while ago, in some of these islands, especially Maraki, a good set of teeth was a dangerous possession, as many people were murdered for them. I trust mine were honestly come by—at least taken in open warfare.

Last evening our pigs fought like dogs, biting each other and rushing about the deck like mad. The noise they made was more like barking than grunting or squealing. The cook has cut his leg; Mr. Hird has a bad cold; the engineer, Mr. Stoddard, is sneezing, and Louis feels as though he had caught the cold also; the captain still very bad; he caught more cold last night. Lloyd's wounds, from the reef on Tin Jack's island much better. I bound them with soap and sugar first and then covered them with iodoform.

We have been to two settlements to-day and are now returning to the first. At the second Tom Day came on board and had a meal; also Captain Smith. Our coal is very low; hardly any left, in fact, and we are all burning with curiosity as to where we are going next—to the Hebrides, Fiji—or perhaps to Brisbane. Spent the evening talking to Tom Day. He told many tales of Bishop Patterson and of hunts for necklace teeth. A father who has good teeth often leaves them as a heritage

to his children. They are worth a great deal—or were. He has known many murders for teeth. My necklace seems a gruesome possession.

13*th.*—Left Noukanau in the morning; arrived at Peru at eleven o'clock; left at one, Monday morning, for Onoatoa. Louis had a long talk there with Frank Villiero. Land here is divided into large and small lots; the large, one and a half acres, the small, half an acre. There are never any smaller divisions. A large lot is quite enough for a family to live on. Some great families own many lots and have picked as many as fifteen hundred nuts in one month. Pieces of land are confiscated for theft, or murder, by those who suffer loss through the crime. A piece of land so taken from a murderer can be regained by the criminal pouring a bottle of oil over the body of the man he has murdered. But this is never done if the person fined bears malice or enmity toward the dead man. The island was formerly in a far more prosperous state owing to the fact that a large proportion of the inhabitants were then kept as slaves.

The duties of the "old men" (the democratic islands are supposed to be ruled by the "old men," who meet in a body to make laws) are really the demarcation and recording of lands; they can go back for generations in the division of island lands.

The population of Peru is about twenty-five hundred; the police, at present, number about one thousand men uniformed in blue jumpers, jean trousers, and a wisp of red on the arm. There are three districts, each being patrolled at night by the police, who call the roll of every grown person, and must be answered. The fines go one half to the teacher (for his private benefit) one fourth to the old men, one fourth to the police. Villiero has seen a policeman receive no more than ten cocoanuts for a whole year's work, and he must find his own uniform of which he is not proud. Every portion of the island is owned and the demarcations owned. They are a mean lot here; their fights mere broils, and very little feeling is shown for each other. A canoe drifted away, or a man dead, is almost instantly forgotten. Little or no sour toddy is drunk since the missionaries came. Mr. Clark, the missionary from Samoa, told them that on Sundays when a ship came up to the island they must allow a couple of men to take the trader off; formerly these boatmen were always fined.

Mr. Villiero brought his wife and adopted daughter, Miss Prout, to see me in the afternoon. It was very embarrassing, for they came laden with gifts, and I had nothing suitable to offer in return. We had an adoption ceremony by which I became

either mother, or daughter, to Mrs. Villiero, no one quite knew which, not even her husband. Miss Mary Prout was quite the "young person," shy and silent. Both were well dressed and wore European rings. Mrs. Villiero makes all her husband's clothes. The presents consisted of a little full-rigged ship inside a bottle, the mouth of which it could not pass. Mr. Villiero was three weeks in making it, working all the time, a regular sailor's present; also a large, fine mat with a deep fringe of red wool, in very bad taste, a couple of plaited mats, a pair of shells, and an immense packet of pandanus sweetmeat. When we met Mrs. Villiero she threw round my neck a string of porpoise teeth, thick and long, the preliminary to adoption. With Louis's help, Mr. Villiero made his will. (He was afterward lost in a labour vessel—virtually a slaver—that sank with many unfortunate natives on board as well. It was on the way to South America.) He has a feeling that his life is not safe here with some of the other traders, the poisoners, in fact. He told Louis of an unfortunate affair that happened on the fourth of July. Villiero, Briggs, and the Chinese trader made a signed bargain that they would all buy copra at a certain fixed price, with a fine of two hundred dollars to be paid by the one breaking the bargain. Soon all the custom

had fallen into the hands of the Chinaman. On inquiry it came out that while the Chinaman ostensibly bought at the agreed price, he gave a present of tobacco besides, thereby evading the letter of the bargain. Following Briggs's foolish advice, the other traders armed themselves to the teeth and went at night to the Chinaman's house. Briggs and Blanchard guarded the door, while Villiero, holding a pistol to the Chinaman's head, demanded the two hundred dollars fine. Of course it was paid. When the missionary ship came in Villiero told this tale to the white missionary who advised immediate restitution of the money, and said he was bound to report the traders' conduct. I wonder that a man of Villiero's intelligence should have been led by a person like Briggs.

The captain is very weak, but Louis better.

14*th*.—Onoatoa Island.

15*th*.—At Tamana early in the morning. One of our passengers taken on at Tom Day's island and introduced by Tom as "Captain Thomas, this old Cinderella," went on shore with all his belongings. Another passenger whom we are taking to Sydney made me a native drill which will cut through the most delicate shell, or through the iron of a boiler, or a dish, or a glass tumbler. I made holes through some red and white bone whist counters and strung

them into necklaces, really very pretty. Since we were at Tamana before there has been a murder and an execution. A man from another island, indignant at being worsted in a wrestling match, watched at the church and struck a spear into his victim, who soon died. The execution was by hanging. They dragged the man up by the neck, then let him down to see if he was dead, then pulled him up again only to lower him for another look, continuing this barbarity until they were satisfied no life was left in the wretch.

16th.—Arorai in the morning. The first thing we hear is that poor McKenzie, the man who was starving, is dead, supposedly from a surfeit on the soups we left him. He ate ravenously; said in reply to a question of how he felt, "I feel full," immediately became insensible, and so remained for three days, when he died. It did not occur to me to warn him against overeating; soup seemed such an innocent thing; I was afraid to let him have solid food at first.

"Cockroach," one of our black boys, has got his fingers badly crushed. He has been crying like a child ever since. The captain still very ill; he and I went through two medical books and both came to the conclusion that he must be suffering from inflammation of the stomach. He says he has been

worse ever since one day when three black boys refused to work on a Sunday. Sally Day, he says, was very impudent, and he was too weak to knock Sally down, which fact preys on his spirits.

To-day one of the boats steered by Mr. Hird suddenly disappeared in the surf, and Mr. Henderson at once put out for her. She had capsized and stove a small hole in one end. Mr. Hird came dripping from his involuntary bath. Fortunately, no one was injured but the engineer and Mr. B—— (a passenger from Jaluit) and they only in their feelings. They were waiting a long way down the reef when the accident happened, and could not get another boat in time for dinner. We killed a pig to-day, the first, our sheep being now done. Charley, passenger from Jaluit, working his way, gave me a belt of human hair. Some natives brought off a shark they had just killed, hoping to sell it to us for food. Mr. Hird told a story of a shark he had seen chasing a fish. The shark could easily catch the fish, swimming in a straight line, but could not turn quickly, so the fish knowingly swam round and round him. They were very near the ship when the fish jumped out of the water. With the quickness of lightning the shark struck it with his tail straight into his mouth. There is a swordfish here with a snout like a spear, long and

sharp, which follows the flying-fish. When the natives are fishing they have to be on the lookout, as he jumps at them and tries to stab them with his sword. One of our passengers knew a man who was killed by such a stab. I forgot to mention that Tom Day told me that during this present epidemic of measles he saw a woman buried alive. "She was too weak to resist, so her husband just buried her"; the same sort of tale as Mr. Hird's of Penrhyn.

17*th.*—Had a sharp squall in the night. Lloyd slept through it all, his things swimming in the water. I put my head out of the port and watched the rain-drops strike the sea, each producing a spark like a star. It looked as though the heavens were reversed. I often find my bath, when I take it after dark, blazing like liquid fireworks. The weather continues bad, and we are rolling a good deal. Louis much better; the captain very weak and ill. Lloyd's leg, hurt on the reef at Tin Jack's island, shows uncomfortable symptoms. I suppose I should burn it out, but it requires courage to perform that operation.

18*th.*—Arrived at Vanumea at ten o'clock. Left at nightfall under sealed orders, steering S.S.W.

24*th.*—First thing in the morning sighted Eromango about fifteen miles away, and a little later,

Tanna. Eromango is the place where the missionary John Williams (always spoken of as "the martyr Williams") was killed by the natives.

Some time ago a good deal of amusement was got from discussions concerning the mango and the proper way to eat it. Mr. Stoddard said it should be eaten with a spoon, which is impossible. We soon discovered that he had confused the mango with the barbadine, though he would not confess it. One evening when the bread was underbaked I pressed the crumb into the semblance of a spoon and solemnly presented it to him as a "mango spoon." This morning I found a large pumpkin hanging up to ripen. I borrowed it from the cook, and Mr. Hird and I tied it up in an enormous parcel, while Louis wrote out a card in printing letters to go with it.

For Walter Stoddard Esq.,
— One Mango —
With the fond love of the
inhabitants of Eromango.

(This is gathered, with a spoon, from the finest mango swamp in the island. But beware of the fate of the martyr Williams, who died from trying to eat one with too short a spoon. O mango and do likewise.)

To make the presentation scene more impressive, I made a pair of false eyes to be worn like spec-

tacles by hooking wire round the edges of a very large pair of green cat's-eye opercula, which Mr. Henderson donned at the appearance of the pumpkin. The parcel was brought in at dinner by the chief steward with the assurance that it had come off in a boat from Eromango, sent by the people of the island. Anything more truly diabolical than the expression of the cat's-eyes cannot be well conceived. I chose very clear, dark ones, with a well-marked white ring on one side, which I made the upper, so that the eyes were apparently starting from their sockets with fiendish surprise and malevolence.

25*th*.—Mare Island, Loyalty group; lay off the Sarcelle passage all night, about forty-five miles from Noumea, our first civilised port and the last we shall make until we reach the end of our cruise at Sydney. A large, most strange, and picturesque island. At first sight it seemed only desolate cliffs and terraces. Here and there at wide intervals a tree, very tall and close-growing, stood up straight like a needle. As we drew nearer, however, enchanting little bays began to open up. We could make out groves of cocoa-palms and the needle trees clustered together, making a curious edging to the cliffs. In one of these bays was the mission station; we could see the white wooden house

smothered in trees, the plantation of palms following the indentations of the shore-line, and stretching far back to the white and coloured cliffs that ran up into the precipitous hills. In a niche on a cliff side was a great statue of the Virgin, dazzling white in the sun. Before the mission house ran a broad, smooth beach. We could distinguish many people standing there, and a fine large boat.

26th.—At half past one, Noumea. A succession of the most lovely bays began to open up as we steamed nearer. The surf runs out some forty miles and is studded with small islands, some like little hills rising from the sea, and some miniature low islands fringed with cocoa-palms. We all don the clothes of civilisation to go on shore, looking very strange to each other.

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